

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Letters from the Continent; containing Sketches of Foreign Scenery and Manners: with Hints as to the Different Modes of Travelling, Expense of Living, &c. By the REV. WEEVER WALTER, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge. Post 8vo. pp. 307. London, 1828. W. Blackwood; Edinburgh. T. Cadell; London.

THIS is a sensible and clever volume, and one which, having been read with interest, will be remembered with pleasure by those who (like the circumscribed and pent-up critic,) visit strange lands only in imagination, and are allowed no adventurous flights—save those of Fancy,—to whom, however, be all laud and gratitude, for she sometimes carries us to Mesopotamia with a Buckingham,—at others to the Mississippi with a Beltrami,—now freezes us, at the North Pole, with a Parry, and now hurries us across the Pampas and among the Andes with a Head,—leaving us, after a dream, wondering and wild as that of Thalaba, to find ourselves at home, in our neat library, by a snug fire, in one of those suburban spots into which the Modern Babylon is advancing with strides too hasty and perceptible, to allow it to be either secluded or quiet enough for the frequent occurrence or long continuance of these visionary wanderings.

To others, whose travelling enjoyments are less visionary than our own, Mr. Walter's Letters will be equally amusing and serviceable. We recollect only two similar works which can compare with it in attention to those minutiae on which comfort so materially depends, but which, unfortunately, like many other matters of serious moment, appear too familiar to be written about: we allude to Four Years in France (reviewed in Nos. 379-80 of *The Literary Chronicle*), and to Mr. Thomas Jefferson Hogg's Journal of a Traveller on the Continent, (see No. 409 *et seq.*) both of which are strikingly important in detail and original in remark. These Letters are not so all-embracing as the first-mentioned work, nor so varied, so vivacious, so philosophical as the latter; but we repeat that they evidence a kindred desire and ability to blend the useful with the entertaining, and must add that they ought to find a place in the portmanteau of every one about to make a continental tour.

After an affectionate dedication to his father, Mr. Walter states, in a few brief and modest prefatory observations, that his Letters were intended to describe faithfully and correctly the scenes and circumstances of foreign travels, and that none but those who, like the author, appear 'in print' for the first time, can duly estimate the diffidence with which they are offered to the public. 'The only merit they can lay claim to,' he observes, 'is that of authenticity,' and he ventures to hope for the reader's indulgence rather than for

his approbation. The amiable feeling evinced thus early, and so well calculated to prepossess one in the author's favour, is perceptible throughout the work. Nothing can be more manly, discriminative, and liberal, than the tone in which he describes the character and manners of the people among whom he mingled. The scenes, too, through which he passed, whether those of Holland, with its wide and frequent ditches, and neat, smooth, brick-roads,—or of the Rhine, with its boundless and inexhaustible treasures for the imagination and the heart,—or of the groves and meadows, the gently sloping hills and stately mountains of Switzerland,—or of the Apennines, with their majestic and enduring splendour,—or of Florence, with her thousand glittering domes,—or of Genoa 'the superb,' with her attendant villas,—all are touched,—however brief the pause for admiration or description,—with a true and reverential sense of the majestic and the beautiful in nature.

We have paid a deserved tribute to the manliness and liberality of the author's sentiments; we have spoken also of his discrimination: but we would not be understood as pledging ourselves to the correctness of every opinion he has advanced. On the contrary, there are points on which we are decidedly at issue, though they are not of sufficient importance to warrant us in detaining our readers from the quotations we have selected in proof of the merits of these Letters. Portions of an excursion to Chamouni, will supply a fair example of the author's familiar and descriptive style. Ascending to the Col de Balme, through the forest of Magnan, he observes,

'After proceeding in a zig-zag direction through this forest for some time, containing the largest pines and larch trees I ever saw; while underneath, the ground was completely covered with the rododendron in full bloom, we found ourselves on the Col de Balme, a mountain without a tree, but covered with a beautiful green turf, forming an admirable pasture for cows which are kept here, during the summer months, in great numbers. The countless pines and larch trees under whose shade we had been slowly advancing for more than two hours, are productive of but little profit to their owners; so little indeed, in consequence of the inaccessibility of their situation, that a proprietor of one of these large forests, on being asked once, on the part of the British government, at what price he would furnish timber for the bowsprits of a first rate, replied, that they might go into his forest, choose for themselves, and cut down as many as they pleased, at the rate of five batzen (about 7½d.) per tree: well aware that not one of them could be moved beyond the precincts of the valley in which it had grown. A few are annually felled for cutting up into planks, and supplying fuel for the neighbouring villages; and now and then a still, for extracting spirits of turpentine from their juice, may be observed at work; its situation being distinguished by a thin spiral co-

lumn of smoke, as it is seen slowly curling upwards from the dense mass of trees; the rest are left to time and the elements for destruction. Hence you see some lying prostrate almost decayed to powder, and being converted again into soil; others still retaining their upright posture, but stripped of their bark, and stretching their blanched and giant limbs to the tempests—the dead among the living: altogether they constitute a wild but interesting scene. Before reaching the summit of the mountain, we stopped at a cow-herd's cabin, and drank each a bowl of most excellent cream, which we converted into syllabub, by pouring into it a small quantity of brandy: for though cold water may be perfectly safe in its pure and unadulterated state, the same cannot be said of cream.—On reaching the cross which stands at the highest point of the Pass, the prospect which burst upon us was truly magnificent: thence we saw, glaciers, mountains covered with eternal snow, aiguilles, as they are called, with their bare and pointed peaks piercing the clouds, and with their almost perpendicular sides defying the efforts of man to scale them. But the great sire of mountains, Mount Blanc, with his mantle of snow, was absent: an envious cloud encircled his hoary head and effectually concealed him from our view. Taken all in all, this is perhaps one of the finest mountain views in Switzerland, yet there is something wanting: it is nature in its grandest form; but it is inanimate nature; not a living thing, not a human habitation is visible, with the exception of the distant village of Chamouni, which is barely distinguishable: it might be the earth, at that period of its creation, when God commanded the "waters under heaven to be gathered unto one place and the dry land to appear:" such and so magnificently confused a scene do the mountains on mountains, and rocks on rocks present as seen from this spot, elevated as it is 7000 feet above the level of the sea.'

On rounding the summit of Mount Anvert, the first sight of the *Mere de Glace* occasioned some disappointment. Mr. Walter observes,—

'The crystal-like transparency which naturally attaches to the idea of ice, was wanting; the surface resembling more the appearance of snow, after it has long been under the influence of a thaw, and being of a dirty white colour. Our disappointment, however, was soon absorbed in wonder and admiration when we found ourselves upon it; for until then we had formed no adequate notion of its extent. You must often have observed the agitation of the sea during a storm, where it breaks upon a rocky shore: the receding and advancing waves meeting in hostile array, and, being nearly equal in magnitude, neither gives way to the other; but each endeavouring, as it were, to be uppermost, they rise and rise, until their accumulated mass, becoming too heavy to be longer sustained in air, they fall together, and appear to continue the struggle for ascendancy, until they are both of them merged in another coming wave. Suppose this troubled mass in a moment converted into ice, and you have an exact resemblance of the *Mere de Glace*.

Frightful chasms present themselves in every direction; their edges rounded and smooth as glass, they look like pitfalls for the unwary: and woe be to him who, allured by the rich azure colour of their inner recesses, approaches too near to gratify his curiosity—such is their depth, that of the many, who from time to time have fallen into them, I never yet heard of one who had been rescued alive. There was something so novel in the scene which surrounded us; something so unlike the usual processes of nature, for though we stood upon a mass of ice, not less than three hundred feet thick, three miles in width, and extending many leagues in length, yet within a hundred yards of us all the vegetable kingdom seemed to be in its glory; something so marvellous in such a vast accumulation of ice under the powerful influence of a cloudless sun, that the first feeling it gave rise to in our breasts was that of wonder and astonishment. But on coming to contemplate the vast utility of these phenomena of nature, that they constitute the inexhaustible store-houses, whence all the great rivers of continental Europe are supplied with an unsparing hand during the droughts of summer, it was impossible not to exclaim inwardly with the Psalmist, "How marvellous are thy works, O God! in wisdom hast thou made them all."—We left this interesting scene with reluctance, and after partaking of some refreshment, in a neat cottage which has been erected on Mont Anvert for that purpose, we again descended to Chamouni, and after giving ourselves and our mules half an hour's rest, we set out to visit the pyramids of ice, which stand nearly at the base of the Glacier des Bossons. The approach to them is through a wood of alder trees, between whose branches we got occasional glimpses of the pyramids, rising far above the highest of them; after getting clear of the trees, we had to cross a vast mound of stones and mud, accumulated by the downward progress of the glacier, and then found ourselves within thirty yards of the pyramids, quite as near as it was prudent to go, as portions of them were continually becoming detached, and falling about their bases. We here had a full view of them, as they rose in towering majesty above our heads; they are of a clear azure colour, and towards their summits beautifully transparent; from the constant action of the sun upon them, their surface is perfectly smooth and glassy, and of a dazzling brightness; and I can only compare them to so many gigantic crystals; they vary in height from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet. A similar phenomenon does not I believe exist in any other of the numerous glaciers of Switzerland, and as the most experienced philosophers have failed in finding an adequate cause for their formation, I shall not expose myself to your censure in endeavouring to account for them by any speculations of my own. Placed at the foot of this glacier, which extends downwards from Mount Blanc itself, they seem to constitute a sort of barrier to its farther progress, and to prevent its rushing with destructive impetuosity into the peaceful valley beneath.—The evening was beautifully fine, and after dinner we went and posted ourselves near the church of Chamouni to watch the effect of the setting sun on Mount Blanc; as it approached the horizon, the brilliant whiteness of the snow assumed gradually a richer and richer colouring, until at length it became one mass of deep pink, exquisitely shaded towards its lower extremity. This retained undiminished splendor for at least a quarter of an hour; then, as the sun gradually sank below the horizon the richness of colouring insensibly decreased, and at length terminated in a dead whiteness, which it was quite chilling to behold; I could not help comparing these successive changes, to the hectic flush, which

marks the victims of mortal disease; the gradual diminution of this unearthly brilliancy by the rapid progress of the disorder, and the chilly paleness of death. It was now dark where we stood, but Mount Blanc still received on its lofty head, the influence of the bright luminary, long after it had sunk below the horizon.

The climate of Pisa is generally supposed to be the best in Italy for consumptive persons; but Mr. Walter, wishing to check a practice which he considers injurious, and founded on an erroneous idea, enters into such an account of it as he believes may enable professional men to pronounce an opinion on the matter in question. This account we subjoin:

'Pisa is situated in the midst of a vast plain, bounded on the north and east by the lofty ridges of the Appennines; from the bases of which it is about four miles distant; to the south and the west it is entirely open. On all sides of it, at various distances of two, three, or four miles, are extensive swamps, whose waters are in great measure stagnant, while it is traversed in its whole length by the Arno; hence there prevails a considerable degree of humidity in the atmosphere; which, in its turn, is productive of warmth; by affording a more dense body for the absorption and retention of the sun's rays. This prevailing humidity is further much increased by the frequency with which the south-west wind, called the Sirocco, recurs. This, coming from the heated sands of Africa, not only helps to increase the evaporation, which at all times is going on, from the numerous swamps which surround Pisa; but by blowing against an insurmountable barrier of mountains, contributes to its accumulation. It is during such weather as this mild, damp, and cheered with occasional hot gleams of sunshine, that consumptive patients feel themselves better, and breathe with greater facility. On the contrary, during the prevalence of clear, and what is usually styled, bracing weather, accompanied with dry winds from the mountains, which carry away the exhalations as they are formed, consumptive patients relapse, breathe with difficulty, and become depressed in spirits. Our own island is much calumniated for the frequent and rapid changes of climate to which it is subject, but I think I am borne out by facts in asserting that the changes at Pisa are almost as frequent, though perhaps they are not so violent, as the extremes of heat and cold are not here so far asunder; yet I have known it blow a sirocco in the morning, with the thermometer at 55° Fahrenheit, and the day terminate with frost. These changes are very trying to persons in robust health; how much more so must they be to persons whose lungs are sensible of the least variation in the state of the atmosphere which they breathe. Add to this, that the houses at Pisa (and the remark is equally applicable to all parts of Italy) are ill calculated for keeping out the cold; and you will agree with me in thinking that the system of sending consumptive patients to pass the winter in Italy, is one of which the propriety may fairly be questioned.'

'Such persons as are sent here with a view to the amelioration of their health, should be warned that much caution is absolutely necessary, both as regards the choice of a situation and the taking of exercise. With respect to the first, the only part of Pisa calculated for the abode of an invalid, is the quay on the north side of the river, called the Lungarno. The houses have the sun upon them nearly all day; and are thus not only warmer, but much more free from damp, than those in other parts of the town. The next point is to fix upon one which has the most fire-places; an invalid should

both sit and sleep in rooms having a southern exposure; there being an amazing difference in the temperature of rooms in the front and at the back of houses on the Lungarno, and such as no one in delicate health ought to encounter. Another reason for selecting rooms looking on the river, is that they command a cheerful prospect. The Lungarno being the principal, I may almost say only, promenade within the walls of Pisa; it generally presents a lively and animated scene at all hours of the day; the frequent passage of barges up and down the river is no mean addition to the picture, and in default of all these, there is always the river itself to look at, which, although it cannot be called a pellucid stream, is generally, during the winter, high and rapid. Those invalids who are sufficiently well to take out-of-door exercise, cannot be too cautious in availing themselves of the privilege. The inlets to the Lungarno from the rest of the town are very numerous, and all of them being in the direction of the mountains serve as so many channels for the admission of the cold winds which proceed from them. An invalid, therefore, should never cross these, but confine his walk within any two of them; taking care never to expose himself to the influence of the mid-day sun. Observing these, and other cautions, equally applicable to every situation, there can be no doubt that a consumptive patient, who is not sent out ere it be too late, will benefit by the climate, *communibus annis*.—But the burial ground at Leghorn which I have just visited, bears melancholy testimony to the fact, that numbers are sent out to Italy, when there is not the remotest prospect of their recovery. This is the greatest of cruelties that can be inflicted on a dying person; and yet it is a cruelty inflicted daily with a heedlessness that is almost criminal. The inconveniences, fatigues, and privations attending a continental journey and residence, to which such persons are unthinkingly exposed, only serve to bring them to an earlier and more painful death than would have befallen them had they continued to enjoy the comforts of an English home and the affectionate care of relations interested in their recovery.'

Having dismissed this truly important subject, Mr. Walter next directs our attention to a pleasanter side of the picture, and points out the advantages which Pisa presents to those who have in view the education of their children. At Florence, Rome, and Naples, he observes, habits of dissipation are frequently engrafted, which no after-discipline can remove.

'Now,' he continues, while Pisa yields to none of those places in the abilities of its language and music masters, it does not, like them, afford an unceasing round of fancy balls and private theatricals, which distinguish some of the Italian capitals, and in which English mothers are too ready to permit their daughters to participate. At the same time, there is no lack of that kind of society which is both amusing and tributary to the purposes of education, consisting in social meetings, composed of English and Italians, from which the lovers of music and dancing seldom retire ungratified; while there is plenty of scope for such as wish to improve their acquaintance with the language and institutions of the country. The theatre, though small, is an exceedingly neat one, is elegantly fitted up, and, certainly this winter, has been supplied with a very good set of performers. The walks and drives in the neighbourhood are numerous, possessing each a peculiar interest. The first in rank as well as distance, are the Casine or Royal Farms, which comprise a vast extent of country, reaching down to the sea shore, and affording every variety of forest and

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domestic scenery. The whole carrying work of the farms is done by camels, of which the grand duke has no less than one hundred and forty; and it is surprising to see the enormous weights under which they move; they are seldom loaded with less than half a ton; they kneel down to receive their burden, and when they have conveyed it to its destined place, kneel again to have it discharged,—making, at the same time, most frightful noises, opening their hideous mouths, grinding their teeth, and looking as if they would tear to pieces any one who should venture to approach them; and yet I fancy all this is but the expression of their delight at being liberated from their burden. I was tempted to get on the back of one the other day, and rode some distance; I cannot pretend to describe the animal's motion, but I felt a stiffness all over me for near a week afterwards. The forests of the Cascade contain a great number of wild boars, not one of which, however, I have seen, except in the market; there are also some herds of deer, which are so wild, that they are seldom met with; but they are chiefly stocked with a beautiful breed of horned cattle, which live quite at large in a state of natural wildness,—only emerging from the covert of the forest, when the herdsmen drive them out for the sake of selecting from their number such as are fit for the market. We one day continued our rambles through the forest, until we arrived at the sea shore, where we were not allowed to continue long without being hailed by a Guarda Costa, and asked our business. We were astonished at such an interruption; but, the man being very civil, we took advantage of the occasion to inquire the meaning of so much vigilance. So great is the dread of the plague entertained by the different Italian governments, that they mutually bind themselves to keep up a regular succession of guards along that part of the coast belonging to each of them. Their business is to prevent the landing of any ship's or boat's crew which are not supplied with proper bills of health; to bury, and when that cannot easily be done, to burn, every thing which the sea casts on shore, in any way capable of communicating the plague; and so strict are they that, should any person unfortunately pick up any such thing, be it even an old hat or an old shoe, he is incontinently clapped into quarantine. The burning of Bysshe Shelly's body, which was looked upon in England as such an extraordinary circumstance, and attributed to a thousand different causes, was simply in compliance with the police regulations of the country; his body was thrown on shore near the mouth of the Arno, and in obedience to established orders, ought to have been immediately buried in the sand; but his friends, and Lord Byron in particular, wishing that his remains should be conveyed to a more seemly place of sepulture, were only permitted to accomplish this by consuming the body to ashes. This was accordingly done, and, being enclosed in an urn, they were deposited in the English burial-ground at Rome, where their place is marked by a stone slab, containing the following extraordinary inscription:—

'Percy Bysshe Shelly,
Cor Cordium,
Natus iv. Aug. 1792;
Obiit viii. Jul. 1822.

'Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.'

Our walks are most frequently directed towards the mountains, it being something new for us to ramble among myrtles, tree heath, spike lavender, and groves of the arbutus; with which, and a variety of other beautiful shrubs, they are thickly covered. Numerous picturesque villages succeed each other at their bases; while nature seems to employ their inward

parts as laboratories for the production of waters possessed of a great variety of properties. The hot springs of San Juliano are among the most celebrated of Italy, and, during the spring months, are very much resorted to. There is a spacious boarding-house erected by government for the accommodation of visitors; while those who wish for greater quietness and privacy than a boarding-house usually affords, have plenty of small private houses to choose out of. There are also sources of acidulated water, some cold and some tepid; one of these is a very favourite place of resort amongst us, and is at once an inducement and a reward for walking. It is strongly impregnated with carbonate of soda, and on being mixed with a little white wine and sugar, effervesces, and forms an excellent beverage, little inferior to champagne in flavour, and far more beneficial in its effects.'

[To be resumed.]

Journal of a Residence and Tour in the Republic of Mexico, in the Year 1826. By CAPTAIN G. F. LYON. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Murray.

CAPT. LYON left England for Mexico on the 8th of January, 1826, in the character of a commissioner for the Real del Monte and Balanos Mining Companies, crossed the Gulf of Mexico on the 9th of March, and arrived in the river Panuco on the following day. 'My journal,' he says, 'pretends to nothing more than an account of my personal adventures during a residence of eight months in various parts of that country,' and he expresses some anxiety, lest the universal desire for information respecting so interesting a spot, should be disappointed by the limited quantity of his materials. He further observes, that many of his papers, and the greater part of his collections, were lost in the wreck of the Panther, the vessel in which he returned to England.

Notwithstanding this misfortune, Capt. Lyon's modesty has induced him to under-rate the value of his book. Although comprised in two rather small volumes, he has furnished his readers with a vast quantity of very amusing and instructive details respecting the places and people which he visited. He is no idle speculator, and instead of wasting his own and his reader's time in theorizing, narrates, in a clear and agreeable style, whatever fell in his way having any just claims to observation. He has thus produced a narrative which affords a very lively general picture, at once of the country, its inhabitants, and its productions, animal, mineral, and vegetable. We commence our extracts, which of course will be rather of a desultory nature, with an account of the author's first night in America:—

'We had no sooner anchored in the river Panuco, off the little cluster of huts at La Barra, than a crowd of all descriptions of men, women, and children hastened on board; and the custom-house officer, accompanied by a dirty, ragged, ill looking man, who was styled captain of the fort, seemed fully disposed to give us some trouble; but wine and cakes distributed to their families, and cigars to themselves, effected wonders; and at sunset I was permitted to accompany the captain of our vessel to the town of Pueblo Viejo, at which the commandant resided. Night soon closed on us, and we rowed for above two hours, against a strong current, up a stream of half a mile in width. The sound of our oars aroused the large cranes, herons, egrets, and innumerable other birds from their rest, and they fluttered

in blind confusion across the surface of the stream; while myriads of fire-flies were flitting amongst the dark mangroves which dipped their closely-woven branches in the water. Tree-frogs and crickets, which abound here, almost deafened us with their shrill thrilling notes; and to add to the delightful novelty of my first evening in America, we were hailed in our own language from an invisible boat, by a gentleman who, suspecting us to be strangers, offered to pilot us to the town. We soon reached the house of Mr. Robertson, the American consul, to whom we were consigned, and met with a most kind reception. Seeing that we were tired, hungry, and wet with the heavy night dew, he obligingly supplied all our wants, and provided us with beds in his office;—but sleep was quite out of the question. Dogs, pigs, and restless cocks which began crowing at midnight, would in themselves have been sufficient to banish rest from a stranger; but at about 1 a. m. of the 11th, a storm of rain, thunder, and lightning set in with great fury, and in a few minutes actual rivers were rushing through the town. This was a severe "norther," and we were rejoiced at having entered the river, as, had our vessel anchored outside, it would have obliged her to make an offing, and many days might have elapsed before she could have reached the port again.'

From the commandant he received many assurances of regard, and Mr. Robertson—

'Very kindly hired a windowless room for me in one of the most respectable houses in the place, the mistress of which was better known by the name of the Gachupina, (a term of reproach applied to European Spaniards) than by her proper appellation of Dona Francesca.

'This lady, who had the reputation of being rich and cleanly, was quite distressed at not having time to whiten my room; but two Indian girls were instantly set to work to wash the earthen floor and make me comfortable. My landlady was all politeness, and I clearly saw that she entertained no mean opinion of her own good breeding and address.

'She was generally allowed to be one of the most respectable ladies of Tampico; and although a certain Don Antonio, who assisted in taking care of her shop and her fair self, was by no means her husband, she piqued herself on her irreproachable character, and the high estimation in which she was held on account of her wealth. Her age might have been about forty-five; her person was fat; and when in her morning costume, which consisted of a shift tied round the waist with a string, and with a cigar in her mouth, her whole figure was particularly attractive. This charming person and I formed an interesting picture every morning at about six o'clock, as she stood leaning over a little wicket which kept the pigs, dogs, cats, and poultry from coming out of the yard into my room. While we cosily smoked the cigars with which she favoured me, I drew in lessons of Spanish, by conversing with her, and listening to constantly repeated assurances that she was an "old Spaniard" and a woman of sense, although, in common with nearly all the native ladies of the place, she did not possess the accomplishments of reading and writing.

'In the evening, the commandant and his wife, with some officers of the garrison, paid me a visit at the consul's house, where his sister amused the party by playing on the piano-forte; and a host of half-naked natives soon crowded round the door and windows, which latter at Tampico have no glass, and seemed highly delighted with the music; some of the children remarking with astonishment, that the Senora "read a book" while playing.

'When the visitors retired, I adjourned to my own room, that I might endeavour to sleep,

—but it was all to no purpose. At my outer door stood a pig-sty, containing three old sows, —mothers, to my misery, of a numerous progeny, which had been separated from them in order to forage in the odoriferous streets. The moanings and cries in every tone to which the voice of sows can be modulated, were answered with interest by the young pigs; for, being too large to creep through the bars to their parents, they solaced themselves by squealing throughout the night. To add to this, the dogs, of which every house has several, barked without interruption.

On the 29th of March, Capt. Lyon says,—

‘I dined with a party of thirty-five at the house of a native merchant, who gave a “convite” in honour of the general. The eating part of the entertainment, which occupied above three hours, was served up in one or two dishes at a time: but we had scarcely been seated ten minutes, before a “bomba” was proclaimed; and other toasts followed in rapid succession, generally in verse. It was extremely amusing to watch the progress of a sentiment, which I at first imagined was from the feeling of the moment,—but no such thing: a gentleman would rise suddenly on his legs, with an air of the greatest enthusiasm, would wave his hand above his head with a joyous shout, and proclaim a “bomba!” All the party would then rise to second this animating burst; while bumpers were filled and silence was obtained: after this, the proposer of the toast would very gravely produce from his waistcoat pocket a ready-made copy of verses, which not being of his own composing he could not very easily read; and then, all having loudly cheered this genuine son of Anacreon, the company would sit down until a similarly bright and equally original sally was made by another of the party. Unfortunately, on this festive occasion, all the verses, and there were at least thirty, turned on the same subject,—pompous, overstrained compliments to the “Invincible” the “Immortal” “The Hero of the Age, General Barragan;” or, “To the Success of the Mexican Republic, the Envy and Admiration of the World!”—I was most heartily rejoiced when, at 8 o’clock, all this ceremony was over. We were then enabled to go, in good time, to a ball at the drinking-shop of the cock-fighting alderman, who did not, however, honour us by his presence. I know not what music we had at the ball; the performers, certainly not of Colinet’s band, being hidden in a crowd of Indians and idle people who stood in the court-yard.

‘The ladies, who at Tampico had not at this time arrived at the refinements of any kind of stays or gloves, sat in a stiff formal line at one end of the room, all smoking very seriously, while at the other the gentlemen also solaced themselves with the same ball-room luxury. The general, who had been much in the more polished parts of Mexico, looked rather bewildered on being pressed to dance; but complied with the wishes of the company, and swam through the labyrinths of a Spanish dance with a most woe-begone countenance.

‘Following his great example, I did the same; but with no great success,—my partner, a very active shrivelled little old woman, being so provoked at my inability to exhibit her graces to advantage, as very unceremoniously to leave me standing in the middle of the room, while she retired in high wrath to a corner, and sought consolation in a cigar.’

April 16, he visited Panuco, on the site of which, says our traveller, unquestionably stood the Panuco which Cortes conquered with so much expense of blood and treasure:

‘At the period of the conquest of Mexico, it was a place of such importance, that the great captain petitioned Charles the Fifth to add

its government to that of New Spain, or Mexico, of which it was, and ever had been, independent. Obtaining his desire, a garrison was placed in the chief town, which was named “San Esteban del Puerto,” an appellation now no longer existing, although Saint Stephen is still the patron saint, and the ancient name is the only one at present used. The descendants of the warlike people who formerly inhabited the “numerous populous towns on the banks of the river,” yet dwell in the neighbourhood, but in very diminished numbers. In their mild dejected countenances no trace is seen of their being the offspring of those warriors who defeated Grijalva their first discoverer, Garay, and the troops of Cortes, who did not effect their subjugation without great loss of men, and at an expense of 60,000 dollars, an enormous sum in those days. Time and the tremendous periodical rains have been insufficient to destroy all vestiges of the Guastecas nation. The remains of the pyramids, the quantities of obsidian weapons, the idols, and the utensils, toys, and ornaments in finely worked clay,—all combine to show that the arts once flourished to a very considerable extent on this now thinly peopled spot. Some of the vases yet retain their colours and vitreous glazing, and many are of an earth as light and well baked as that of Tuscany;—while the figures, from their singular attitudes and grotesque expression, might serve as models to the toy-makers of the present day. The flutes, single and double, with two, three, or four holes, the oddly shaped pipes and whistles, and the jars modelled into birds, toads, and other animals—all in Terra cotta, exhibit as much humour as ingenuity, and are found either entire or broken, in such quantities as to induce a belief that Panuco was actually a mart for crockery-ware. I learnt, also, that at a rancho, called Calendras, about nine leagues from the town, some very interesting objects of antiquity are to be met with, situated on the side of a hill covered with wild pines. The principal of these is a large oven-like chamber, on the floor of which a great number of the flat stones, similar to those still used by women in grinding maize, were found, and can even now be procured. It is only in the month of May that this place is accessible; as the pines being dry, may then be burned from the face of the hill. It is conjectured that these stones, with a quantity of other imperishable articles of household furniture long since removed, had been deposited in the cave on some flight of the Indians, as being too heavy for further removal.

‘There still exist at Panuco two Indian “comunidades,” amongst whom the Guastec language, to the almost total exclusion of the Spanish, is spoken. These poor people live unmixed with the whites, who amount to 1500 persons, and who may be called the fixed population. During the unhealthy months many families come here from Tampico; and in the dry season Panuco is a kind of watering-place, to which people resort for the purpose of bathing, the river here being more free from Caymans than at any other part. For such families as choose to devote a little trouble and expense to decency, small spaces are staked off near the banks, and lightly covered with palm branches: but such niceties are not much attended to; both sexes bathe without scruple at the same time, and many of the young women swim extremely well.

‘The town is situated on the southern bank of the river, and was at this time of year at an elevation of thirty feet above it; but in a more advanced period of the rainy season, which had now commenced, the waters frequently inundate the streets; and it has more than once happened, that canoes have plied there. Many of the houses are comparatively good, but by

far the greater proportion are of split bamboo plastered with mud, and thatched with the fan palm, which is also the covering of the best buildings. There is neither a school nor any other public establishment in the town.

‘It would perhaps be difficult, even in this universally lethargic country, to find a more listless idle set of half-sleepy people than those of Panuco, who for the greater part are Creoles. Surrounded by a soil capable of the highest cultivation, living near a river absolutely swarming with the finest fish, they have scarcely a vegetable, and rarely any other food than tortillas of maize, and occasionally a lump of tasajo, or jerked beef. The siesta appears to consume half the day, and even speaking is an effort to this lazy race. Such as are obliged to labour, in order to save themselves from starving, obtain their livelihood by cutting dye-woods to freight the vessels which occasionally come up the river for a cargo. These woods are the moral or fustic, which sells at four reals the quintal. Sarsaparilla at two reals the arroba, and a wood called palo azul, or blue wood, which has lately been introduced as an article of commerce, and, according to its chemical treatment, yields three or four fine tints. All these are brought in from the surrounding forests, yet firewood and charcoal can scarcely be procured in the town. The latter is sold at an exorbitant price, owing to the want of energy in the natives, who prefer receiving it by an eighty miles water conveyance, (from Tampico,) rather than burning it themselves within fifty yards from their own town.

‘There are two churches at Panuco, of which the largest is an immense thatched barn-like building, possessing the merit of being so arranged as only to exhibit one saint: the Redeemer, however, is excluded with those which are rejected! This is a plan of the cura, who has determined that the new cedar altar-piece shall only contain a niche for the patron, San Esteban, who, from the time of the conquest, had been the especial protector of the town. The church has a large and a small bell, placed under a little shed in its front; and on the opposite side of the Plaza stands the Capilla de la Virgen de Dolores, which was founded, and is yet supported, by a body of pious women, who style themselves “The Sisters of Dolores.” They are secular, and form a kind of female corporation. Each sister pays an annual subscription of thirteen reals, for which, at her decease, she has the privilege of being buried in the chapel; and her immediate relations receive for her either a shroud or twelve dollars and a half, with two dozen wax candles: the former of these the priest secures for the benefit of the departed soul, and the latter are burned round the body.

‘Panuco is considered a very healthy place in comparison with the other towns on the low lands; yet the fever and vomito occasionally make their appearance, although with diminished violence. The temperature is generally said to be very equal, but hail has sometimes fallen as late as the month of March. The extreme heat and drought of the dry season are effectual bars to the cultivation of wheat and barley; but maize and rice (although I saw none of the latter,) flourish on the banks of the river. Beans, chilis, (a coarse kind of pea,) pumpions, with a few sweet and water melons, form, I believe, the whole list of cultivated vegetables, with the exception of the rare cabbages and turnips which I saw in the private gardens. No fruits are reared for sale; but the woods are said to abound in several delicious varieties, which, at this season, were not ripe. The little comforts of life are here very expensive. Wheaten cakes, equalling our half-penny rolls, are a medio (three pence) each; onions of the bigness of a finger, one penny;

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and the only cheap article is the tasajo, or strips of dried beef, of which three or four yards sell for a medio.

We shall return to these very fertile and interesting volumes next week.

Reminiscences of Henry Angelo, with Memoirs of his late Father and Friends. 8vo. pp. 510. London, 1828. Colburn.

THE editor of this amusing work very truly observes, that of all civilized nations, ancient or modern, England has manifested the greatest fondness for portraiture, whether traced with the pencil, the chisel, or the pen. Whatever may be advanced in favour of this taste, it cannot be denied that it has occasioned a sad influx of the most intolerable trash. It is not now requisite that a man should be distinguished by high achievement or brilliant genius, before he obtrudes a history of himself and actions on the public; it is only necessary that accident should have mixed him up, however slightly or temporarily, with the nobles or literati of his day, and this circumstance shall authorize him to waste a vast quantity of tediousness on the patient public,—a public whose patience very comfortably accommodates itself to the quackery and impudence of its deluders. These observations are not intended to be applied to the book now before us, though its peculiar features have forced us on a consideration of the many works of its class which every week produces. These *Reminiscences* are not without their attractions, bringing before us, as they occasionally do, some curious traits of Garrick, Wilkes, Morland, the late Benjamin West, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and other celebrated characters. The greatest drawback on the value of the volume appears to be its lack of novelty. A few passages will enable our readers to form an idea of the merits of these recollections: Mr. Angelo is alluding to a set of his 'co-evals,'—'some,' he says, 'whose progress gave no presage of their good fortune,' and others, whose abilities early promised them the superiority they ultimately obtained; and he goes on to say—

'It was but yesterday that a fortuitous circumstance led me to the studio of an eminent miniature painter, where I was struck with a small whole-length likeness of one of this latter class, no less a personage than the present lord-lieutenant of that country, which will derive immortal honour from having given birth to him and his illustrious brother. I need not name the Marquis Wellesley. This picture still bears the countenance of that *Westly* whose abilities shone conspicuously among his youthful colleagues, and brings to my recollection our worthy tutor, the Rev Mr. Davies, afterwards head master of the school. At this time, from some necessity, what had been a wash-house was metamorphosed into his pupil room; the brick floor remained, yet, no fire was allowed. Many a cold winter's evening have we sat there shivering, preparatory to sending our exercises across to his apartment at eight o'clock. According to his humour, as we thought, they were returned marked, more or less faulty. *Westly* being one of the least of our colleagues, and, like most studious wights, not very robust, and being moreover a favourite, he was allowed to wait on the master at his room, being seldom detained long in the cold. On his return, one would beg his assistance for a word to complete a verse—another a line in his theme—most would have drawn upon the stock of his talent, but he was not always in the humour to lend, when he has often decamped with a flying lexicon or two at his head to

quicken his speed. If my memory may serve whilst on this subject, I think Mr. Westly had the honour to make the first English speech to his late majesty, on the royal visit to Eton College.

'One event, though happening whilst I was yet one of the least in the school, is too memorable to be forgotten; that, indeed, of a rebellion of the scholars, or rather of all those who were old enough to take a share in the revolt.

'This general rising occurred soon after Dr. Foster was appointed head master, and I think it originated with a youth of the name of Webster, one of the sixth form, who, conceiving himself to have been maltreated, the others, of the upper school, to the number of between two and three hundred, at length determined to quit the college. After much controversy, on a proposed morning, early, these assembled in the play fields, and from thence proceeded, *en masse*, to Maidenhead, to March's, a favourite inn, near the bridge, and there breakfasted. This repast, which was abundantly supplied with all good things, being ended, they shook hands, and each set out upon his travels for home; some to London, and others to different parts of the kingdom, some few indeed for Scotland and Ireland. The school was in consequence suspended *pro tempore*, and the younger disciples, among whom I was included, were sent home to our respective friends.

'Among others, I recollect, were the late Duke of Rutland, then Lord Roos, and his brother, Bob Manners, as he was called, who was killed bravely defending the Resolution man-of-war, in the action with Rodney and Count de Grasse, on the memorable 12th of April, 1779. These young noblemen, somewhat implicated with the conspirators, were sons of the Marquis of Granby. On their arrival at his lordship's house, he affected surprise at seeing them, though he had already been apprised of their elopement. "Well, boys," said he, "what brought you here?"—"We have left Eton," said they. "So I perceive," replied the marquis. "O! we have all been used so ill: Dr. Foster has driven the scholars away—and we have done as the rest—and so have come home."—"Very well; very well, and you would like to go to the play this evening—hey, boys?"—"O—yes—you are very good, sir."—"Yes," added his lordship; "you shall go there to-night for your own pleasure, and to-morrow shall return to Dr. Foster, and be flogged for mine." The marquis, who was a strict disciplinarian, like an old soldier, kept his word.

'I remember the noble marquis, and have his person completely before my mind. My father had the honour of his esteem, and he frequently visited his *manège*. I recollect his portrait hanging on a sign-post near Chelsea College, close upon the spot which the renowned Wilkie has since chosen for his picture, which will immortalize himself, and these chosen heroes of Waterloo. The day was, indeed, when the name of this brave commander was almost as commonly in the mouths of old soldiers as that of Wellington—and his fine bald head was seen swinging at as many ale-house doors as that of the fat Duke of Cumberland, in his gold-laced hat, or King Charles in the royal oak. Even Wellington's noble effigies, in time, such is the mutability of mortal fame, as well as all other earthly things, may be superseded by that of some future fortunate hero!

Our next and final extract is as pleasant a specimen of the better portion of the volume as we can find:—

'Gainsborough, as is sufficiently known, was an enthusiastic admirer of music; and though certainly no musician, yet his love for sweet sounds was such, that he had tried his native skill upon almost every instrument. He

was too capricious to sit to study any one methodically, though having a nice ear, he could perform an air on the fiddle, the guitar, the harpsichord, or the flute. Under Fischer, his son-in-law, he did take a few lessons upon the hautboy, or clarionet, I forget which; but made nothing of it. He, however, could modulate, to a certain degree, on a keyed instrument, and used frequently to chaunt any rhodomontade that was uppermost, accompanying himself with the chords on my mother's pianoforte.

'Bach, who had a true German share of dry humour, used to sit and endure his miserable attempts, and, laughing in his sleeve, exclaim, "Bravo!" whilst Gainsborough, not at all abashed at his irony, would proceed, labouring hard at any particular key, be it major or be it minor, and drolly exclaim, "Now for Purcell's chaunt; now a specimen of old Bird." "Dat is debilish fine," cried Bach. "Now for a touch of Kent, and old Henry Lawes," added Gainsborough; when Bach, his patience worn out, would cry, "Now dat is too pad; dere is no law, by goles! why the gompany is to listen to your murder of all these ancient gombosers;" when, getting up from his seat, he would run his finger rattling along all the keys, and, pushing the painter from his seat, would sit himself in his place, and flourish voluntaries, as though he was inspired.

'Once Bach called upon him in Pall-Mall, and going straight to his painting-room, he found him fagging hard at the bassoon, an instrument that requires the wind of a forge-bellows to fill. Gainsborough's cheeks were puffed, and his face was round and red as the harvest moon. Bach stood astounded. "Pote it away, man, pote it away; do you want to bust yourself, like the frog in the fable? De defil! it is only fit for the lungs of a country blackschildt." "Nay, now!" exclaimed Gainsborough; "it is the richest bass in the world. Now do listen again." "Listen," added Bach, "mine friendr. I did listen at your door in the passage, and py all the powers above, as I hobe to be saved, it is just for all the world as the veritable praying (braying) of a jackass."

"D—n it!" exclaimed Gainsborough, "why you have no ear, man; no more than an adder. Come, then, (taking the clarionet)"—"Baw, baw!" exclaimed the musician, "vorse and vorse; no more of your *canarding*, 'tis as a duck; by Gar! 'tis vorse as a goose!"

'Mr. Jackson, of Exeter, the composer, so celebrated for his canzonets, must not be forgotten, as another exception to this observation, however. This distinguished musician was almost as fond of painting as Gainsborough was of music; and, as I have heard, was no mean performer with the pallet and pencils. His description of Gainsborough's enthusiastic, and, I may add, eccentric turn for instrumental music, is so lively and characteristic of the man, that I cannot forego the advantage of inserting it here.

"Gainsborough's profession was painting; music was his amusement: yet there were times when music appeared to be his employment, and painting his diversion. As his skill in music has been celebrated, I will, before I speak of him as a painter, mention what merit he possessed as a musician.

"When I first knew him at Bath, where Giardini had been exhibiting his then unrivalled powers on the violin, his excellent performance made Gainsborough enamoured of that instrument, and conceiving, like the servant-maid in the Spectator, that the music lay in the fiddle, he was frantic until he possessed the very instrument which had given him so much pleasure, but seemed surprised that the music of it remained behind with Giardini.

"He had scarcely recovered his shock (for it was a great one to him,) when he heard Abel on the viol-di-gamba. The violin was hung on the willows. Abel's viol-di-gamba was purchased, and the house resounded with melodious thirds and fifths, from morn till dewy eve. Fortunately my friend's passion had now a new object—Fisher's hautboy.

"The next time I saw Gainsborough, it was in the character of King David. He had heard a performer on the harp at Bath;—the performer was soon left harpless.

"In this manner he fritted away his musical talents, and though possessed of ear, taste, and genius, he never had application enough to learn his notes; he scorned to take the first step, the second was of course out of his reach, and the summit became unattainable."

"This sprightly sketch of the musical eccentricities of the painter, with all due respect to the memory of Mr. Jackson, is somewhat of a caricature; for Gainsborough not only did know his notes, but could accompany a slow movement of the harpsichord, both on the fiddle and the flute, with taste and feeling."

Life of Columbus. By WASHINGTON IRVING. 4 vols. 8vo. pp. 1877. London, 1828. Murray.

SELDOM has so much shallow criticism been exhibited as in the case of the present work of Washington Irving. The Athenæum introduces its notice with some grave and indignant denunciations of the puffs prelude, in which we are told of the large sum given for the copyright, &c.,—conduct which must have outraged every virtuous sensibility of all connected with this journal. It is then observed, with equal gravity, (and the observation is servilely echoed by a less respectable contemporary,) that because Mr. Irving has heretofore written only some agreeable and elegant sketches, no one could have supposed him possessed of the capabilities of the historian. This induction is undeserving of serious remark. Many of our most illustrious writers, both of the present day and of periods gone by, commenced their literary career in the same manner as Mr. Irving, and ultimately secured a permanent and honourable reputation: as historical instructors of mankind. That Mr. Irving will be no less successful, must be the conviction of all who impartially examine the beauties of style, the profundity of reflection, the extent of research, and the pure and lofty feeling which he has brought to a task upon the accomplishment of which we earnestly congratulate him. It was his object (to quote his own eloquent and appropriate language,) 'to relate the deeds and fortunes of the mariner who first had the judgment to divine, and the intrepidity to brave the mysteries of the perilous deep; and who, by his hardy genius, his inflexible constancy, and his heroic courage, brought the ends of the earth into communication with each other,'—the narrative of whose troubled life 'is the link which connects the history of the old world with that of the new,' and this object, we have no hesitation in affirming, has been attained, and, by its attainment, has assured Mr. Irving the privilege of benching by the side of our noblest historians. There is nothing positively novel in Mr. Irving's account of the boyhood of Columbus, but in examining how the times and the man acted on each other, and how the character and conduct of the hero were formed and modified by the first, he has some ingenious and beautiful reflections:—

"In tracing the early history of a man like Columbus, whose actions have had so vast an effect on human affairs, it is interesting to notice how much has been owing to the influence of events, and how much to an inborn propensity of the mind. The most original and inventive genius grows more or less out of the times; and that strong impulse, which Columbus considered as supernatural, is unconsciously produced by the operation of external circumstances. Every now and then, thought takes some sudden and general direction; either revisiting some long neglected region of knowledge, and exploring and reopening its forgotten paths, or breaking with wonder and delight into some fresh and untrodden field of discovery. It is then that an ardent and imaginative genius, catching the impulse of the day, outstrips all less gifted contemporaries, takes the lead of the throng by which it was first put in motion, and presses forward to achievements, which feebler spirits would never have ventured to attempt. We find an illustration of this remark in Columbus. The strong passion for geographical knowledge which he so early felt, and which gave rise to his after actions, was incident to the age in which he lived. Geographical discovery was the brilliant path of light which was for ever to distinguish the fifteenth century,—the most splendid era of invention in the annals of the world. During the long night of monkish bigotry and false learning, geography, with the other sciences, had been lost to the European nations. Fortunately it had not been lost to mankind: it had taken refuge in the bosom of Africa. While the pedantic schoolmen of the cloisters were wasting time and talent, and confounding erudition by idle reveries, and sophistical dialectics, the Arabian sages, assembled at Senaar, were taking the measurement of a degree of latitude, and calculating the circumference of the earth, on the vast plains of Mesopotamia.

"True knowledge, thus happily preserved, was now making its way back to Europe. The revival of science accompanied the revival of letters. Among the various authors which the awakening zeal for ancient literature had once more brought into notice, were Pliny, Pomponius Mela, and Strabo. From these was regained a fund of geographical knowledge, which had long faded from the public mind. Curiosity was aroused to pursue this forgotten path, thus suddenly re-opened. A translation of the work of Ptolemy had been made into Latin, at the commencement of the century, by Emanuel Chrysoloras, a noble and learned Greek, and had thus been rendered more familiar to the Italian students. Another translation had followed, by James Angel de Scarpiaria, of which, fair and beautiful copies became common in the Italian libraries. The writings also began to be sought after of Averroes, Alfraganus, and other Arabian sages, who had kept the sacred fire of science alive, during the interval of European darkness.

"The knowledge thus reviving was but limited and imperfect; yet like the return of morning light, it was full of interest and beauty. It seemed to call a new creation into existence, and broke, with all the charm of wonder, upon imaginative minds. They were surprised at their own ignorance of the world around them. Every step seemed discovery, for every region beyond their native country was in a manner terra incognita.

"Such was the state of information and feeling with respect to this interesting science, in the early part of the fifteenth century. An interest still more intense was awakening, from the discoveries that began to be made along the Atlantic coasts of Africa; and must have been particularly felt among a maritime and com-

mercial people like the Genoese. To these circumstances may we ascribe the enthusiastic devotion which Columbus imbibed in his childhood for cosmographical studies, and which influenced all his after fortunes.

"In considering his scanty education, it is worthy of notice how little he owed, from the very first, to adventitious aid; how much to the native energy of his character, and the fertility of his mind. The short time that he remained at Pavia was barely sufficient to give him the rudiments of the necessary sciences; the familiar acquaintance with them, which he evinced in after life, must have been the result of diligent self-schooling, and casual hours of study, amidst the cares and vicissitudes of a rugged and wandering life. He was one of those men of strong and natural genius, who appear to form themselves; who, from having to contend at their very outset with privations and impediments, acquire an intrepidity to encounter, and a facility to vanquish difficulties, throughout their career. Such men learn to effect great purposes with small means, supplying this deficiency by the resources of their own energy and invention. This, from his earliest commencement, throughout the whole of his life, was one of the remarkable features in the history of Columbus. In every undertaking, the scantiness and apparent insufficiency of his means enhance the grandeur of his achievements."

Our next quotation relates to the period (1486) which Columbus spent at Cordova, supporting himself by designing maps and charts, and trusting to time and exertion for the assistance which was ultimately to carry into execution his magnificent ideas. At this time, it is stated,—

"He had to contend against the ridicule of the light and the supercilious,—one of the greatest obstacles which modest merit can encounter in a court. He had a sanguine temperament, however, and a fund of enthusiasm, which bore him up against every trial. There was a dignity, likewise, in his manners, and an earnest sincerity in his conversation, which gradually gained him friends. One of the most effectual, was Alonzo de Quintanilla, comptroller of the finances of Castile, who, it is said, received him into his house, and became a warm advocate of his theory. He became acquainted with Antonio Geraldini, the pope's nuncio, and with his brother, Alexander Geraldini, preceptor to the younger children of Ferdinand and Isabella, both of whom entered warmly into his views. By the aid of these friends, he was introduced to the celebrated Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, archbishop of Toledo, and grand cardinal of Spain.

"This was the most important personage about court. The king and queen had him always at their side in peace and war. He accompanied them in their campaigns, and they never took any measure of consequence without consulting him. He was facetiously called by Peter Martyr, 'the third king of Spain.' He was a man of a clear understanding, eloquent, judicious, and of a great quickness and capacity in business. Simple, yet curiously nice in his apparel, lofty and venerable, yet gracious and gentle in his deportment. Though an elegant scholar, the grand cardinal, like many learned men of his day, was but little skilled in cosmography, and was tenacious in his religious scruples. When the theory of Columbus was first mentioned to him, it struck him as involving heterodox opinions, incompatible with the form of the earth as described in the sacred Scriptures. Further explanations had their force with a man of his quick apprehension and sound sense. He perceived, that, at any rate, there could be nothing irreligious in attempting to extend the bounds of human knowledge, and

to ascertain the works of creation: his scruples once removed, he gave Columbus a courteous and attentive hearing.

The latter, knowing the importance of his auditor, exerted himself to produce conviction. The clear-headed cardinal listened with profound attention. He saw the grandeur of the conception, and felt the force of the arguments. He was pleased likewise with the noble and earnest manner of Columbus, and became at once a firm and serviceable friend. The representations of the grand cardinal procured Columbus an audience from the sovereigns. He appeared before them with modesty, yet self-possession: for he felt himself, as he afterwards declared in his letters, an instrument in the hand of Heaven to accomplish its grand designs.

Ferdinand was too keen a judge of men not to appreciate the character of Columbus. He perceived that, however soaring might be his imagination and magnificent his speculations, the scheme had scientific and practical foundation. His ambition was excited by the possibility of discoveries far more important than those which had shed such glory upon Portugal. Still, as usual, he was cool and wary, and determined to take the opinion of the most learned men in the kingdom, and be guided by their decision. He referred the matter, therefore, to Fernando de Talavera, the prior of Prado, authorising him to assemble the most learned astronomers and cosmographers, to hold a conference with Columbus, informing themselves of the grounds on which he founded his proposition; after which they were to consult together, and make their report.

Of the council of Salamanca, convened in the collegiate convent of St. Stephen, to investigate the new theory of Columbus, our historian says,—

‘It was composed of professors of astronomy, geography, mathematics, and other branches of science, together with various dignitaries of the church, and learned friars. Before this erudite assembly, Columbus presented himself, to propound and defend his conclusions. He had been scoffed at as visionary, by the vulgar and ignorant, but he was convinced that he only required a body of enlightened men to listen dispassionately to his reasonings, to ensure triumphant conviction.

‘The greater part of this learned junto, it is very probable, came prepossessed against him, as men in place and dignity are apt to be against poor applicants. There is always a proneness to consider a man under examination as a kind of delinquent, or impostor, whose faults and errors are to be detected and exposed. Columbus, too, appeared in a most unfavourable light before a scholastic body; an obscure navigator, member of no learned institution, destitute of all the trappings and circumstances which sometimes give oracular authority to dulness, and depending upon the mere force of natural genius. Some of the junto entertained the popular notion that he was an adventurer, or at best a visionary, and others had that morbid impatience of any innovation upon established doctrine, which is apt to grow upon dull and pedantic men in cloistered life. What a striking spectacle must the hall of the old convent have presented at this memorable conference! A simple mariner, standing forth in the midst of an imposing array of professors, friars, and dignitaries of the church, maintaining his theory with natural eloquence, and, as it were, pleading the cause of the New World. We are told, that, when he began to state the grounds of his belief, the friars of St. Stephen alone paid attention to him; that convent being more learned in the sciences than the rest of the university. The others appeared to have entrenched themselves behind one dogged po-

sition; that, after so many profound philosophers and cosmographers had been studying the form of the world, and so many able navigators had been sailing about it for several thousand years, it was a great presumption in an ordinary man to suppose that there remained such a vast discovery for him to make. Several of the objections opposed by this learned body have been handed down to us, and have provoked many a sneer at the expense of the university of Salamanca. But these are proofs, not so much of the peculiar deficiency of that institution, as of the imperfect state of science at the time, and of the manner in which knowledge, though rapidly extending, was still impeded in its progress by monastic bigotry. All subjects were still contemplated through the obscure medium of those ages when the lights of antiquity were trampled out, and faith was left to fill the place of inquiry. Bewildered in a maze of religious controversy, mankind had retraced their steps and receded from the boundary line of ancient knowledge. Thus, at the very threshold of the discussion, instead of geographical objections, Columbus was assailed with citations from the Bible and the Testament, the book of Genesis, the psalms of David, the Prophets, the epistles, and the gospels. To these were added, the expositions of various saints and reverend commentators, St. Chrysostome and St. Augustine, St. Jerome and St. Gregory, St. Basil and St. Ambrose, and Lactantius Firmianus, a redoubted champion of the faith. Doctrinal points were mixed up with philosophical discussions, and a mathematical demonstration was allowed no truth, if it appeared to clash with a text of scripture, or a commentary of one of the fathers. Thus the possibility of antipodes in the southern hemisphere, an opinion so generally maintained by the wisest of the ancients, as to be pronounced by Pliny the great contest between the learned and the ignorant, became a stumbling block with some of the sages of Salamanca. Several of them stoutly contradicted this basis of the theory of Columbus, supporting themselves by quotations from Lactantius and St. Augustine, who were considered in those days as almost evangelical authority. But, though these writers were men of consummate erudition, and two of the greatest luminaries of what has been called the golden age of ecclesiastical learning, yet their writings were calculated to perpetuate darkness in respect to the sciences.’

Mr. Irving then quotes the passages from Lactantius and St. Augustine, and proceeds:—

‘Such are specimens of the errors and prejudices, the mingled ignorance and erudition, and the pedantic bigotry, with which Columbus had to contend throughout the examination of his theory. Can we wonder at the difficulties and delays which he experienced at courts, when such vague and crude notions were entertained by the learned men of a university? We must not suppose, however, because the objections here cited are all which remain on record, that they are all which were advanced; these only have been perpetuated on account of their superior absurdity. They were probably advanced by but few, and those persons immersed in theological studies, in cloistered retirement, where the erroneous opinions derived from books, had little opportunity of being corrected by the experience of the day. There were no doubt objections advanced more cogent in their nature, and more worthy of that distinguished university. It is but justice to add, also, that the replies of Columbus had great weight with many of his learned examiners. In answer to the scriptural objections, he submitted, that the inspired writers were not speaking technically as cosmographers, but figuratively, in language addressed to all com-

prehensions. The commentaries of the fathers he treated with deference as pious homilies, but not as philosophical propositions, which it was necessary either to admit or refute. The objections drawn from ancient philosophers, he met boldly and ably upon equal terms; for he was deeply studied on all points of cosmography. He showed that the most illustrious of these sages believed both hemispheres to be inhabitable, though they imagined that the torrid zone precluded communication; and he obviated conclusively that difficulty; for he had voyaged to St. George la Mina, in Guinea, almost under the equinoctial line, and had found that region not merely traversable, but abounding in population, in fruits and pasturage. When Columbus took his stand before this learned body, he had appeared the plain and simple navigator; somewhat daunted, perhaps, by the greatness of his task, and the august nature of his auditory. But he had a degree of religious feeling which gave him a confidence in the execution of what he conceived his great errand, and he was of an ardent temperament that became heated in action by its own generous fires. Las Casas, and others of his contemporaries, have spoken of his commanding person, his elevated demeanour, his air of authority, his kindling eye, and the persuasive intonations of his voice. How must they have given majesty and force to his words, as, casting aside his maps and charts, and discarding, for a time, his practical and scientific lore, his visionary spirit took fire at the doctrinal objections of his opponents, and he met them upon their own ground, pouring forth those magnificent texts of scripture, and those mysterious predictions of the prophets, which, in his enthusiastic moments, he considered as types and annunciations of the sublime discovery which he proposed!

‘Among the number who were convinced by the reasoning, and warmed by the eloquence, of Columbus, was Diego de Deza, a worthy and learned friar of the order of St. Dominic, at that time professor of theology in the convent of St. Stephen, but who became afterwards archbishop of Seville, the second ecclesiastical dignity of Spain. This able and erudite divine was a man whose mind was above the narrow bigotry of bookish lore; one who could appreciate the value of wisdom, even when uttered by unlearned lips. He was not a mere passive auditor, he took a generous interest in the cause, and by seconding Columbus with all his powers, calmed the blind zeal of his more bigoted brethren, so as to obtain for him a dispassionate, if not an unprejudiced hearing. By their united efforts, it is said, they brought over the most learned men of the schools. One great difficulty was to reconcile the plan of Columbus with the cosmography of Ptolemy, to which all scholars yielded implicit faith. How would the most enlightened of those sages have been astonished, had any one apprized them that the man, Copernicus, was then in existence, whose solar system should reverse the grand theory of Ptolemy, which stationed the earth in the centre of the universe!

‘Notwithstanding every exertion, however, there was a preponderating mass of inert bigotry and of learned pride in the erudite body, which refused to yield to the demonstrations of an obscure foreigner, without fortune, or connections, or any academic honours. “It was requisite,” says Las Casas, “before Columbus could make his solutions and reasonings understood, that he should remove from his auditors those erroneous principles on which their objections were founded; a task always more difficult than that of teaching the doctrine.” Occasional conferences took place, but without producing any decision. The ignorant, or what is worse, the prejudiced, remained obstinate in

their opposition, with the dogged perseverance of dull men; the more liberal and intelligent felt little interest in discussions wearisome in themselves, and foreign to their ordinary pursuits; even those who listened with approbation to the plan, regarded it only as a delightful vision, full of probability and promise, but one which never could be realized. Fernando de Talavera, to whom the matter was especially intrusted, had too little esteem for it, and was too much occupied with the stir and bustle of public concerns, to press it to a conclusion; and thus the inquiry experienced continual procrastination and neglect."

A Short History of Spain. By MARIA CALLCOTT. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 1150. London, 1828. Murray.

OF this *short* history of the principal events which have occurred in Spain, during the *long* period of 3000 years—a history compiled with much judgment and distinguished equally by good taste and diligent research—little more need be said than that its literary pretensions would have warranted a more ostentatious announcement. The obscurer periods of history are hurried over, as they should be in a work of this description, while the more authentic are dwelt upon in proportion to their importance. The work is ornamented with cuts, many of which are curious and interesting. We, perhaps, cannot do better than give Mrs. Callcott's account of Columbus's discovery of America, in the year 1492, which may serve, as a fair specimen of her style, and refresh the memory upon the subject of Mr. Irving's more important work, already before our readers:

"On Friday, the third of August, the fleet," viz. the *Santa Maria* and two other vessels, the crews, altogether, amounting to ninety seamen and a few adventurers, 'got under weigh, a little before sun-rise, in the presence of crowds of spectators, who poured forth blessings and prayers for its success. On the 13th of the same month, Columbus reached the Canary Islands, and there refitted his ships, which were found to be ill-appointed and scarcely seaworthy; but nothing could damp the admiral's ardour, and, after giving them such repairs as were absolutely requisite, and laying in fresh provisions and water, he again set sail on the sixth day of September; and now the perils of the voyage began. For thirty-three days he sailed across an unknown ocean, and saw stars unseen before by European eyes. On the 13th of September, Columbus perceived that the magnetic needle, hitherto the unerring guide of the mariner, no longer pointed to the true north. On the 17th, the prodigy, for such it then seemed, became known to the sailors, and there was fear and alarm, which rose almost to mutiny in the ships; but still the admiral calmed their disquiet. When the trade-wind blew stronger and stronger, and every day in the same direction, the seamen thought that they must sail on, for ever, before that commanding blast, and despaired of being able to return: so they mutinied again, but were again quieted by their pious commander, whose faith and trust in God enabled him to bear up against the murmurs of his men and the strange perils of the sea, as it had kept him from despair in the long attendance he had paid at the court of Isabella. At length, on Thursday, 11th of October, a man, named Rodrigo de Triana, shouted land! from the mast-head of the *Pinta*; but it was too late to be sure that he was not deceived. No one slept that night, and the ships sailed on till two hours past midnight, when the shore of the island Guanahani, one of the Bahamas, was distinctly visible. The hymn

of *Salva Regina* was instantly sung, and the ships lay-to till next morning, when they ran close in to examine the land they had discovered, while the *Te Deum* was sung by the crews of all the vessels.

"And now, those who had murmured against the admiral, who had talked of putting him in chains, and forcing him to return to Spain, threw themselves at his feet, and entreated forgiveness for their distrust, promising confidence and obedience in future; and indeed they were now ready to worship him as one inspired by Heaven. As soon as the sun rose, a boat from each vessel was manned and armed. The standards of the green cross, which distinguished Columbus's fleet, were displayed; and the admiral, dressed in a rich dress, having a naked sword in his hand, was the first European who set his foot in the new world. His men followed, and kneeling down they all kissed the ground they had so long desired to see. A cross, having on its arms the initials of Ferdinand and Isabella, each surmounted by a crown, was erected, solemn mass was performed before it, and formal possession was taken of the land in the name of Isabella, queen of Castile and Leon.

"A number of the natives surrounded the strangers, and gazed with wonder on ceremonies whose import they could not guess, any more than they could foresee the cruel consequences to themselves and their countrymen. The colour and dress of the Spaniards, the size of their ships, with their sails, and their firearms, all impressed the ignorant and gentle natives with an idea that their visitors were beings of a superior order; as such they were ready to worship and obey them, until their subsequent conduct gave the poor Indians room to believe that they were demons, not men. But Columbus was free of all blame. He was just to their claims, careful for their interests, and too truly pious to wish to injure those who, equally with himself, were the children of his Almighty Father.

"The island of Guanahani, with some others of the same group, at which Columbus touched, were all extremely poor, but the natives pointed to the south as the quarter from whence some pieces of gold, found among them, were procured. Thither the admiral accordingly steered, and discovered first Cuba, and then Hayti, to which he gave the name of Hispaniola; there, having obtained the consent of the natives, he built a small fort, which he called Navidad, and left Diego de Arado of Cordova to act as its governor, until he should return from Spain.

"On the 16th of January, 1493, Columbus having on board of his ships some of the natives of the new land, a quantity of gold, specimens of all the productions likely to become objects of commerce, and a collection of rare animals, plants, and other curiosities, set sail on his return to Spain. Just as he had reached the coast of Europe, a violent storm arose, which forced him into the Tagus, and, notwithstanding the jealousy of all discoverers entertained by Portugal, the king received him with great respect, and listened with admiration to his account of his voyage. The moment the weather permitted he left Lisbon, and proceeded to Palos, where he arrived on the 15th of March, 1493, seven months and eleven days after his departure. As soon as the ship was seen approaching, all the inhabitants of the place ran to the shore to welcome her. When they saw the strange people, the unknown animals, the singular productions brought from the new countries, their joy was unbounded. The bells were rung, the cannon fired, and all the people accompanied Columbus and his crew to the same church where they had offered up their prayers on departing, to return thanks for the prosperous issue of the voyage.

"Ferdinand and Isabella were at Barcelona when they heard of his return and his success. He was respectfully invited to court, that they might hear from his own mouth the details of his voyage. On his way thither, the people from all parts of the country flocked together to see him as he passed, and his entrance to the city was conducted with pomp suitable to the great event, which had added another land to their dominions. The natives of the new country marched first; then the rude ornaments of gold were borne along, together with the grains and sand of the same precious metal, found in the mountains and rivers; and after these the new and strange animals, and other curious or useful productions of the islands. Columbus himself closed the procession.

"Ferdinand and Isabella received him clad in their royal robes, seated on a throne under a magnificent canopy. They stood up as the admiral approached, and when he knelt to kiss their hands, they raised him, and commanded him to take his seat on a chair provided for him, and to give them an account of the wonders and dangers of his voyage. When he had finished his narration, the king and queen fell on their knees and offered up solemn thanks to God for the discovery. Every mark of honour that gratitude could suggest was paid to Columbus. His family was ennobled, and the whole court, following the example of the sovereigns, paid him the highest respect: but that which gratified him most was the order to equip a squadron of sufficient force, to take possession of the new countries, and to prosecute his discoveries.

"The success of Columbus excited a wonderful degree of enterprise throughout Spain. Volunteers of every rank solicited employment in the new expedition, and even Ferdinand, cautious as he was, now caught the general enthusiasm. A fleet of seventeen sail was speedily fitted out. On board of it were 1500 persons, many of whom were of noble families. They were furnished with domestic animals, and with such seeds and plants as were likely to thrive in the climate of the Western Indies, as the new country was called. Utensils and instruments of every sort were taken on board, and there were all such artificers as might be useful to a rising colony. In order to secure themselves from the intrusion of strangers in these new dominions, Ferdinand and Isabella now applied to pope Alexander VI. for a grant of whatever they might explore to the westward as far as 100 leagues beyond the Azores, while all discoveries to the eastward were confirmed to the Portuguese.

"Columbus, after touching at the Carribee Islands and Jamaica, proceeded to Hispaniola, where he arrived on the 22d November, 1493, and found that the insolence and rapacity of the men he had left behind him at Navidad had provoked the natives to burn the fort and murder the people. To make up for the loss of this settlement, he chose a healthier and better spot near a spacious bay, and there traced out the plan of a town, at whose walls he obliged every man to work for the common safety; and the walls and houses of the first town built by Europeans in the new world were soon sufficiently advanced to afford shelter and security. This town he named Isabella, in honour of the queen.

"But a new scene of difficulty now opened to the admiral. Among the number of the colonists, some envied him his power, and some the share of the profits he was entitled to claim; while others, eager to grasp at once at the possession of the country, blamed him as lukewarm to the interests of the king and queen, because he would not revenge the destruction of Navidad by a decided attack on the Indians. The dissensions occasioned by these various

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feelings obliged him to send several of the malcontents home to Spain, where they found it easy to prejudice many persons against him, and he soon found that nothing but his returning with a quantity of gold could outweigh the misrepresentations of his enemies at court. This consideration accounts for, though it cannot excuse, the harsh measure he adopted of exacting as much gold dust as would fill a hawk's bell, four times in each year, from every individual Indian above the age of fourteen, in the gold districts, and twenty-five pounds of cotton for such as lived in other parts of the country. The harshness with which this tax was collected was such, that many of the natives escaped from it by a voluntary death, and many others died from want, because, in their despair, they pulled up their roots of mandioc, and left their maize grounds untilld, that, if possible, they might force the Spaniards to leave their land. But the strangers were relieved by supplies from Spain, while the Indians soon felt the utmost distress of famine, and, in a few months, more than a third part of the inhabitants of the island had perished. Columbus returned from this his second voyage in 1496. His appearance at court, the gold, the pearls, the cotton, and the captive Indians, he presented to the sovereigns, made them ashamed of having listened to his enemies, and they resolved to send out every thing that might render Hispaniola a permanent establishment, and to furnish Columbus with such a fleet as might enable him to go in search of those new and rich countries, which he was persuaded, from the accounts of the Indians, lay at no great distance.

But the first joyful impressions made by his return were soon effaced: the more important his discoveries proved to be, the more the mean jealousies of the courtiers, and of Ferdinand himself, were excited, and it was not until two years afterwards that he was enabled to set out on his third voyage, with six ships, on board of which were supplies for the colony, and a number of new colonists, most of whom were criminals from the different prisons in Spain. The first land Columbus made on this voyage was the island of Trinidad, at the mouth of the Orinoko, and thence he steered along the coasts of Para and Cumana; but the bad condition of his ships prevented him from prosecuting the discovery of the continent, and obliged him to sail for Hayti, or Hispaniola. On arriving, he found that his brother had removed the capital from Isabella and fixed it at San Domingo, the name of which was afterwards extended to the whole island. Columbus immediately set about the improvement of the colony, correcting abuses, restraining crimes, and endeavouring to promote the interest of his sovereigns, and the extension of religion among the natives, whom he endeavoured on all occasions to protect.

In the meantime, Yanez Pinzon, who had served under Columbus in his first voyage, had touched on the Brazilian shore, and was followed by Cabral, who made a more complete survey of that fertile and beautiful country. And in the same year, Amerigo Vespucci, a Florentine gentleman, had accompanied Alonso de Ojeda on a private expedition to the new world, and having had the address to make it appear that he first saw the great continent, it received his name, America, which it still bears.

But while the magnitude and importance of Columbus's discoveries became daily more and more evident, his enemies at court were harassing the king and queen with complaints against his tyranny, and his folly, which they said had cost the nation such sums in fitting out the various expeditions as the wretched new countries could never repay; they accused him, moreover, of pride and arrogance, and of

assuming an authority above that of the king himself. These calumnies against an absent man were but too easily believed, and Francis de Bovadilla, a knight of Calatrava, was sent out to examine into the conduct of Columbus, and if he found him guilty to send him to Spain, and to assume his offices in the colony. It is needless to say that this interested judge condemned the admiral; and the man whose genius had given a new world to the crown of Spain was sent to his sovereign a prisoner and in chains.

He arrived in Spain in December, 1500, and it was no sooner known to Isabella that he was in chains, than she sent orders to release him, and money for his journey to court, where she received him with tender respect, and Ferdinand with decent civility. Bovadilla was degraded, but Columbus was not restored.

But his spirit was not yet daunted. He sailed on a fourth voyage two years afterwards, during which he suffered from storms, shipwreck, desertion, mutiny, and above all from the malice of his jealous enemies. He shortly returned to Spain, where he died in 1504, of a broken heart, and caused the chains with which he had been bound to be buried in the coffin with him.

The Glasgow Medical Journal, No. I. Feb. 1. Edited by WILLIAM MACKENZIE, Andersonian Professor of Anatomy, &c. Highley, London.

GLASGOW has long been celebrated for its university and medical school, and we are glad to perceive that a medical journal has just been published, consisting of a series of essays on valuable subjects connected with medical science. Our limits will not allow us to give extracts: however, there are two articles of interest to the general reader, one of which is by Dr. Thomson on the mineral waters of Scotland, and the other by Mr. Davidson, on the use of chloride of lime, proving its powerful effects in removing noxious effluvia from sick rooms, hospitals, &c. &c. If Mr. Mackenzie continues to conduct the future numbers of this journal, in a similar manner to the present, it will prove a valuable addition to medical periodical literature. We wish, however, that the editor had imitated the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, in his *Analecta*; it would have been more interesting to the medical reader.

Constable's Miscellany of Original and Selected Publications, &c. Vol. XX.

Illustrations of British History. Vol. I. By RICHARD THOMSON. Edinburgh; 1828.

Constable and Co. London; Hurst and Chance.

WE have so fully noticed the various volumes of this valuable *Miscellany*, as they have issued from the press, that our readers must be well aware of our opinion as to the general merits of the work. The present portion of it is the first of two volumes which are intended to embrace a succinct abridgement of the English history, from the time of the Saxons down to the eighteenth century. The editor, who is favourably known as the author of *The Chronicles of London Bridge*, has displayed much industry and research in this compilation; and his Introduction to the *Materials of British History* is novel, interesting, and instructive. References are made to most of the works which he has consulted, and the table of contents is arranged with great clearness and precision.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Resumen Historico de la Revolucion de los Estados Unidos Mejicanos, &c.

An Historical Sketch of the Mexican Revolution. By DON PABLO DE MENDIBIL.

1 vol. 8vo. London, 1828. Ackermann.

NOTWITHSTANDING the number of books which have appeared on the American revolution in general, and more particularly upon that of Mexico, a work was still wanting which should state correctly and dispassionately all the events which succeeded each other with such astonishing rapidity during the first period of the Mexican insurrection; viz. from 1808 to 1819. Don P. de Mendibil has undertaken to supply this want, and has just published a work which appears to us fully calculated to promote the desired end. To expose the immediate causes which provoked the insurrection, and the means employed by the patriots to free themselves from the odious yoke of the despicable Spanish tyrant; to trace the portrait of those chiefs who concurred in this great work of emancipation; to unfold to the view of the reader the long series of combats and intrigues, of criminal acts and sublime actions which alternately sullied and honoured the independent cause; to represent the vicissitudes of that furious and bloody, but, at the same time, just, glorious, and necessary struggle; to point out the faults and even crimes of the insurgents, and the atrocities committed by their enemies; to paint the half-civilized, half-corrupted creole adopting the republican creed; to exhibit the most hateful passions contending with the most generous sentiment; and amidst all these alternations of good and evil, ideas of liberty taking deeper and deeper root in every heart; such was the picture which presented itself to the historian who would describe with precision the important events of Mexican emancipation; and this picture Don Mendibil has, we think, traced very successfully. He makes a rapid sketch, without, however, omitting any important fact, of that series of events, so varied and so interesting in the eyes of all friends of liberty which took place from the moment of the bursting out of the insurrection in the town of Dolores, in 1808, till the time when the Spanish authority was temporarily re-established in 1819. These events are all related with accuracy and precision, and what is no inconsiderable merit in the present day, justice seems to have been rendered to all parties.

A work of this nature scarcely admits of analysis, and we shall therefore content ourselves with giving our readers an idea of the author's style by selecting from the numerous chiefs of the Mexican revolution, the portrait of a man whose death was considered by the Spanish generals, and even by the government itself, as a certain pledge of the success of the royal arms; we allude to the youthful general, Mina, who terminated, at the age of twenty-nine, a career of glory which held out the brightest promises. This portrait, in the beautiful Spanish language, and in the original words of the learned author, possesses an energetic simplicity which, unfortunately, we despair of doing justice to by our translation.

Mina was born with the most happy dispositions for a military life. Possessing the greatest valour, he was, at the same time, calm, active, and disinterested. He supported cou-

rageously the most cruel privations, and shared the incessant renewals of fatigue and danger with his simplest soldiers. His natural and acquired qualities, which he displayed even on indifferent occasions, made him the idol of his troops. None who approached him escaped that secret and all-powerful influence of genius which awes the multitude, and seems to be the mysterious seal with which destiny has stamped men of superior natures. His stature was above the middle height, and, without approaching to embonpoint, he was perfectly well-proportioned. His remains were deposited in a sepulchral vault, in the capital of Mexico, near to those of the noble founders of the national independence,—Hidalgo, Allende, Morelos, Matamoros, and all the other chiefs who have such high claims to the veneration and respect of the Mexicans."

We are of opinion that if this excellent work were to be well translated into English, it would soon be in the hands of all who wish to be well acquainted with one of the most important of contemporary events.

L'Enfer de Dante Alighieri traduit en Français, &c. &c.

The Hell of Dante Alighieri, translated into French, and accompanied by Explanatory, Argumentative, and Historical Notes, followed by General Remarks on the Life of Dante, and on the Factions of the Guelphs and Ghibelins. By I. C. TAVIER. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Dulau and Co.

It was not till the commencement of the 14th century that Italy began to be remarkable for literary productions bearing the imprint of real genius, and that Dante and Petrarch bestowed upon their language a degree of force and gracefulness which has never since been surpassed.

The former of these writers, in a poem whimsical enough in itself but rich in poetic beauties, raised himself, by the strength of his intellects, far above all his contemporaries. *La Divina Commedia* cannot be compared to any other work; it is neither a drama nor an epic poem, but the stamp of genius is upon it, and that genius, springing up in the midst of civil discords, expressed itself in language as dramatic as the sombre pictures which are described in the cantos upon hell.

Dante was the regenerator of literature in his unhappy country: he is regarded with enthusiasm by his countrymen, and has been the object of their most careful study; and yet, as Mr. Tavier judiciously observes, 'his works are still but imperfectly understood; it seems as if Hercules had planted his two pillars at the very beginning of *La Divina Commedia*, for there most readers come to a halt; a few of the more courageous ones take up the book, but, embarrassed by the numerous difficulties which they encounter on all sides, they become intimidated and discouraged, and relinquish the reading of a poem, the countless beauties of which would make them ample amends for the toil of study and the exercise of perseverance.'

Mr. Tavier has undertaken to explain the numberless obscurities, allegories, and difficulties, which are to be found in the poem of Dante; but, like a thousand other commentators, he has not always been successful in his undertaking: his notes do not smooth down all the difficulties, and his French translation, on more than one occa-

sion, misconstrues the text; it is also, sometimes, ungrammatical, and still more frequently inelegant. The sentence we have already translated is not strictly correct; the following one '*on rencontre à peine dans la société des personnes qui se contentent d'une ou deux*,' &c., (preface, p. vii.) is faulty; it ought to be *on rencontre peu de personnes dans la société*, &c.; this other, '*tu vois le monstre à cause duquel je retourne sur mes pas*' (vol. I. p. 9.) is extremely inelegant; and the last we shall notice, '*et te tirerai d'ici à travers un lieu éternel*,' (vol. I. p. 11.) does not give the meaning of the Italian line—

'E trarrotti di qui per luogo eterno.'

What is the sense of *à travers un lieu éternel*? Would it not be better to render *per luogo eterno* by *des routes sans fin, immenses, qui ne finissent pas*, &c.?

We might proceed still farther with our criticism but even then we should be ultimately compelled to acknowledge that, in spite of the defects in the work before us, it is yet entitled to much commendation. To beginners it will certainly prove useful by assisting them to surmount many of the difficulties with which Dante's poem abounds.

ORIGINAL.

THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER.

Who is that one whose hand supports his head?
From whom life's dying, if it be not fled.
At war with death, though not afraid to die,
Pale his wan cheek, and lustreless his eye.
Can this be Grecian Philip's far-famed son,
Amongst the mighty, still the mightiest one.
Not as when erst the fiery steed* he strode,
And bending thousands owned the youthful god;

Nor as a tyger hunted out of breath,
Raging and rushing o'er the field of death;
The firm earth trembling as he passes by,
Death on his hand, and terror in his eye†;
Nor as when wreathed in loved Statira's arms,
He bends him captive unto beauty's charms;
No—Glory, gaze upon thy victim now,
With sorely seared heart and burning brow;
Behold him stretched upon the couch of death,
And gasping—not for empire, but for breath;
Why throws he now his hurried fitful glance
On the keen point of his blood-rusted lance?
Why starts he thus aghast? What sees he there?
Why stamps his foot and tears his raven hair?
'Tis but the blood of humankind—no more,
And oft his horses' hoofs have dripped with gore;

Yet that cursed lance would he in shivers rend,
For it hath torn the bosom of his friend;
O'er slaughtered millions has he risen to fame,
And yet one murder fills his soul with shame.
Conscience, long slumbering in his guilty soul,
Wakes thoughts that Ammon's son may not control.

The phantom form of frail ambition fled,
Which his young mind to guilt and glory led;
In vain the rose wreath circles round his brows,
In vain the mantling goblet gaily flows;
Nor flattery's voice, nor beauty's charms may please,

Nor wine's red Lethe lull his soul in ease;
And this is he, the worshipped and caress'd,
Whom Fortune's favours have supremely blest;
He who destruction upon empires hurled—
The king of men—the conqueror of the world,
Now feels upon his brow red murder's brand,
Now grasps the wine-cup with a fevered hand;
In vain he hopes to dull the pangs of care,
And flies to madness to escape despair;

* Bucephalus.

† Lo spavento negli ocelli, e in man la morte.—
Tasso—*La Gerusalemme Liberata*.

To shun the dreadful thoughts he dare not
brave,

He seeks a shelter in the gloomy grave.
'Tis o'er—he sinks beneath the earthworm's
touch,

And calmly bears its forked and slimy clutch.
Well might his end the soul of tyrants cower,
And quench the lust of conquest and of power;
And teach how little happiness may flow

From glory founded on a million's woe;
What blood be poured—what bitter tears be
shed,

Ere one proud laurel wreathes the conqueror's
head.

R. M.

RECOLLECTIONS AND REMINISCENCES. No. VII.

FRENCH PRIESTS.

—'You

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out.'

KING JOHN.

'As sure as God is in Gloucestershire,' was a common proverb, at that period, when the abbey of Glastonbury flourished, the pride and model of all religious communities, and previous to the fatal hour when 'gospel light first beamed from Boleyn's eyes.' In the halcyon days of the monks of Gloucestershire and Somersetshire, when the scarlet lady of Babylon thundered forth her excommunications, and royalty itself quaked at them; when this *ter quaterque* blessed land was overstocked with—

—'Happy convents bosomed deep in vines,
Where slumbered abbots purple as their wines;
when Baldwin Lepetteur was obliged, every Christmas Day, to perform before our lord the king, at Hemmington Manor, a salus, a suffilatus, and a bumbulus, as John Tradescant, or old Stowe, or Cambden, or Pennant, or some one of these British worthies says; (I like to be particular about my authority for what I assert:) when friars, like Nicholas Breakspeare, of Abbot's Langley, reasonable souls! made the head of the church the boundary of their unambitious wishes, (for I take it for granted, as universally known, that Pope Hadrian IV. was a no less important personage than Nick Breakspeare, of the brotherhood of St. Albans; that he first preached the gospel to the Norwegians, had his stirrup held by the Emperor Frederic I., (the man preached humility!) and was at last choked, not by the dish which always agreed better with the palate of our first Henry, than it did with his constitution,—not by stewed lampreys; nor by a grape-stone, as was the rosy-lipped Anacreon,—but by a fly, who most impiously dared to go on a voyage of discovery down his holiness's throat;) in those days, when the sons of the church macerated themselves by long fastings, yet got palsy in spite of themselves; when prayer and penance, instead of impressing on them the pale hue of the midnight student, lent them the bloated look of the just brutalized sensualist; when, by paying the duty at the great custom-house of sin, a man might kill his father, mother, brother, wife, or sister, for the trifle of ten and sixpence, (for the cost of the absolution was not greater;) when a priest might keep his *chère amie*, and pay but half a guinea to obtain his dispensation for being irregular; when, to get a license to escape the tyranny of fasting days, and indulge in flesh, at times prohibited, amounted to the sum of two pounds five shillings,

being something more than four times the estimated value of a man's life; when such fees of the pope's chancery were published by authority, and transmitted to posterity, as an indisputable proof of the much vaunted wisdom of our ancestors; when even cardinals, in conclave, could not agree, nor be at peace till they had fought it out, but his eminence darkened his other eminence's day-lights, and then both their eminences indulged in the Cornish shrug, and claret flowed, and the *fives* 'cut and came again,' till one was compelled to cry 'hold, enough!' à la Jack Holt, and was 'damned,' (as that not-fearing-Suppression-of-Vice-Society reprobate, Macbeth says,) à la Shakspeare; and when ink-stands flew, and snuffer-stands followed, endangering the eyes and limbs and lives of the spiritual advisers of the Christian world; when, as I say, such scenes of unanimity characterized the election of a *servus-servorum*; when the private prayers of private confessors were the hopes of heirless husbands; when the said private confessors were rectitude personified, and their penitents models of fidelity; when the latter would have put to the blush all the Mrs. Potiphars in the world, from her of yore, to the pretty Miss McGarraghan of our own days; and when the former were very Josephs, with senses as obdurate as those of that rock of adamant, the Maguire himself; when such a monster as the Tartuffe was as rare as the Leviathan of the deep, or the sea-serpent, his cousin from the new world; when sparkling eyes, and lips made only to be kissed, were obstacles to the salvation of those who dared to look or cast a thought upon them; when the tremendous power of a small number of men was upheld, by calling into requisition the good offices of the Duke of Exeter's daughter and the scavenger's niece, or, to speak in more intelligible terms, the rack and the axe; when, to have said that the pretensions of Mohammed were not more impious than those of the Roman pontiff, would have condemned the unhappy utterer of such an assertion to prolonged torment in this life, and everlasting torment in the dark hereafter; when the misery and awful secrecy of the inquisition rewarded those who dared to prefer the splendid dominion of the Moorish sovereigns in Granada to the bigotted, disgusting superstition of the Ferdinands and Charleses, *et id genus omne*; when we were forbidden to remember that the prophet promised paradise only to such as were strong in faith, while Pontifex Maximus 'sold heaven to the highest bidder, and fixed a price on the pains of hell;' and, finally, with all these *whens* before us, and remembering that when the cowl and sandals, the rosary and missal, Franciscans and Capuchins, friars white, black, and gray, 'with all their trumpery,' (*quasi tromperie*.) had overrun the west of Europe, and had no where found more comfortable quarters than those they had met with in the west of England, can we wonder that the grace of Providence was over Christian Europe in general, and over sweet Gloucestershire in particular?

'Voici l'heure du rendezvous
Mais nos prêtres s'endorment tous.
Ah! maudit soit notre curé!
Je vais, sacristie!
Manquer ma partie,
Jeanne est prête et le vin tiré,
Ite missa est monsieur le curé!'

Ite missa est; and let us now, not forgetting the anchorite, his filberts, his water, and his bed of rushes—let us now see if the powdered gallant abbé of the ancient regime were a jot better than the solitaires of the olden time—I leave my readers to judge for themselves: they will probably place but little importance on an individual opinion, but, in my opinion, they were infinitely worse; the ancient hermit assumed a virtue, if he had it not; there is little doubt but that sloth was under his gown, and, unfortunately, that was not the only vice his gown covered; but his outward appearance conveyed to the eyes of his admirers all that virtue and religion and a contempt of the world could express; the little offerings, willingly brought to his cell, were deposited there in the spirit of charity, and the virtues practised by the peasantry were the effects of the prayers and exhortations of the pastor; so far all was well; if the preacher felt not himself the truth, he was apparently, with immense zeal, impressing on his auditors—these were not less benefitted than if he had been a saint; his account stood between himself and his God; his hypocrisy effected no injury on his disciples.—I have known the sacrament to be administered in a Protestant church abroad, by one whom I had reason to believe was, in broad terms, a heartless scoundrel; but, I believe, that the man's wickedness could not prevent those who were kneeling there repentant, and disposed, as we are told, and as we feel we should be upon such an occasion, from receiving every benefit that is to be derived from tasting the sacred emblems; the Deity and the penitent Christian are the only parties concerned; if the officiating minister be unworthy of his office, neither the sin nor the fault rests with his flock. We can only lament, that when a man's character renders him unfit for the church, the most important and the most difficult of all professions, he should be allowed to undertake to teach others what he cannot practise himself.

The race of French abbés, properly so called, is now extinct; they are, at least, *rare aves*, scarce, something like the breed of Irish wolf dogs; the present careless, negligent, matter-of-fact gentlemen are no more like the gallant, mincing, well-bred abbés of former times, than 'I to Hercules.' The abbés of the eighteenth century were mirrors of chivalry, pine-apples of perfection; they were devoted to the sex, and no faultless hero of a circulating library novel could be more ready to break a lance in the cause of his lady love, or to maintain the pre-eminence of her beauty against all comers of gentle degree. They were the vice-husbands of the day; the critics of the opera; acquainted with all the intrigues of the sock and buskin,—

'And no Parisian audience could endure a Song, scene, or air, when they cried *succatura*.'

The qualities of the Italian cicisbeo, and the merits of the Spanish cortejo were combined in the French abbé; the mysteries of the toilet were Eleusinian mysteries to all but him; his presence was like a master-key, all doors flew open before him; he was the first in the morning at the bed-side of his lady *par amours*; he assisted at her levee, superintended the arrangement of her *mouches*; quoted Virgil, and compared her to Aurora leaving the saffron bed of Tithonus; detailed all the small talk and scandal of the seat of dissoluteness; recited some lines from the

newest play; and, in short, was a walking journal of daily information; like Laura's cavalier, he was faithful as well as amorous; was 'wax to receive and marble to retain,'—

'And was a lover of the good old school,
Who still become more constant as they cool.'

I believe I have said before that no rule can exist without an exception; Bossuet, Flechier, Massillon, Bourdalou, and the amiable Fenelon of Cambray, were men who would have reflected honour on any age; but they were not true specimens of the real French abbés; many of the latter were about as fitly qualified for the church as they were for the command of a frigate. We laugh because glorious Bess once appointed a naval captain to a bishopric, and by so doing, performed a promise which had been rashly made; fortunately the new bishop was a man of true piety; but do we recollect the numbers who are now in holy orders and also hold commissions in the army? or do we think of the many, who, disgusted with the duties of a soldier, have sneaked, *à pas de loup*, into the church, with as little difficulty as if they had been changing from the guards into the line? I was about eighteen months ago, in a hatter's shop in Bond Street, when a young man elegantly dressed entered, and ordered his bill to be sent to his hotel; 'you know where to send it to?' said he, on retiring; 'yes, sir,' answered the shopman, 'to Captain C——,' and named the hotel; 'Captain, nonsense,' rejoined the late infant in arms, 'I am not in the army now; address it to the Reverend Mr. C——, and let me have it early in the morning.' Now, for any thing I know to the contrary, this Rev. Mr. C—— may be as excellent a clergyman and as virtuous a man as Queen Elizabeth's sailor proved to be, but there was something peculiarly unpleasant in hearing his profession pronounced in the way I did, and with apparently as little hesitation as if he had been proclaiming his promotion to a majority. I am at this moment acquainted with a person preparing for orders, who is the magnus Apollo of more than one free and easy in the Modern Babylon; he fancies his forte to consist in comic singing, and prides himself on his execution of all the flash songs and ephemeral parodies of the day. In all other respects he is a frank, worthy fellow; his ear is never closed to the voice of distress, and he has a 'hand open as day to melting charity.' Instances of unworthy members among our English clergy are, happily, very rare; it is impossible that so large a body could exist without men being in it who would disgrace any community; the dissolute, gallant French abbé is extinct; and the hunting, six-bottle country parson is fast approaching to the end of his career. An anecdote of the Abbé de Vatteville has just occurred to me, which will serve to show my readers of what metal some men are made. The abbé was brother to the Baron de Vatteville, who was once ambassador to our court. Previous to his assuming the cassock, he was colonel of the regiment of Burgundy, in the service of Philip IV. of Spain, and, on various occasions displayed proofs of daring courage. Promotion, however, came but slowly, and, disappointed in his expectations, he resigned his commission, and retired into a convent of Carthusians at Besançon; but the gloomy monotony of a convent suited ill with his restless spirit, and he determined to

escape. He, accordingly, appointed a friend to wait for him with a horse, outside the walls of the convent garden; and he was privately supplied by his relations with money, a riding-dress, a case of pistols, and a sword. Thus equipped, he stole by night from his cell into the garden, where he was met by the prior, whom he instantly stabbed, got over the wall, and galloped off at full speed. As soon as he found his horse began to slacken his pace, through fatigue and hunger, he alighted at an obscure inn, ordered dinner, and sat down to his repast with the utmost composure. A traveller, who entered the house shortly after, politely requested that he might be allowed to share with him. Vatteville rudely refused, alleging that there was little enough for himself, and, impatient of contradiction, killed the gentleman on the spot with one pistol, and presenting the other to the landlady and waiter, swore he would blow out their brains if they once dared to interrupt his repast. Having thus escaped with impunity, he encountered various fortunes; he, at length, landed in Turkey, renounced the Christian faith, and covered his apostate scone with the ample turban, received a commission in the army, was raised to the rank of bashaw, and appointed governor of part of the Morea. But, longing to revisit his native country, he entered into a secret correspondence with the Venetians, who were then at war with the Turks, obtained absolution, and was presented with a valuable church living in Franche Comté, delivered the towns and forts under his command into the hands of the enemy, and was actually nominated by Louis XIV. to the see of Besançon. The pope, however, though he had granted absolution, refused the bull, and Vatteville was, per force, compelled to remain satisfied with the first deanery and two rich abbeys. In the midst of his magnificence, he did not forget his old friends the Carthusians; he often honoured them with a visit, and, at last, tranquilly expired in his bed, at the advanced age of ninety. Had Vatteville been a poor man, and guilty of such enormities, he would have been broken upon the wheel. I think it was Louis XIV. who gave the archbishopric of Lyons to the Abbé de Villeroy, who, though no credit to the clerical profession, was not by any means the equal of Vatteville in arch-villainy: Villeroy had for many years been attempting in vain to be appointed one of the canons of Lyons, and when he was nominated by the king to the archbishopric of that city, the canons waited upon him with the usual address of congratulation. The abbé received them with great courtesy, but he could not help remarking, that the stone which the builders rejected had become the head of the corner. One of them immediately replied: 'This is the Lord's doing, it is marvellous in our eyes.' I do not know whether the wit of the answer saved the canon from rebuke.

All sensible people, among whom I, of course, include myself, have long since been unanimous in agreeing, that the vow which binds the Romish priests to celibacy is far from binding them to chastity; I know several highly gifted young Catholic clergymen who deeply deplore the rigorous act which, as it were, excludes them from the enjoyments of civilized society. They alone can repeat with feeling, the words of Moliere's masterpiece, *Pour être devot, je ne suis pas*

moins homme. 'You see,' said the Duke of Norfolk to his chaplain, on the passing of the Bloody Act, 'we have hindered priests from having wives.' 'And can your grace,' (replied the monk) 'prevent also wives from having priests?' If we may believe all that is told of the Cordelier Maillard, he surpassed perfection itself; he railed against the vanities of the world with as much warmth as Peter the Hermit preached in favour of the Crusades; he threatened years of purgatory for an extra founce, and such an enormity as a new head-dress entailed Satan's special patronage for the inventor. In his sermon for the second Thursday in Lent, he thus apostrophises the counsellors' wives who wore embroidery: 'You say that you are clad according to your conditions; all the devils in hell fly away with your conditions and you too, my ladies! You will say to me, perhaps, our husbands do not give us this gorgeous apparel, we earn it by the labour of our bodies; thirty thousand devils fly away with the labour of your bodies, my ladies!' This language is some of the most moderate of the pious author, who went near to equal the famous fathers André and Menot in the turpitude of his expressions: all preachers of this class no sooner entered the pulpit, than they degenerated into, as Voltaire has styled the Italians, mere harlequins in surplices; in short, the pulpit was transformed into a stage for buffoons, and the jack-pudding preachers sullied it with their obscenities: their hearers revolted at passages which would have disgraced an infidel to utter; the churches were deserted, except when a Masillon stood up to delight and instruct, and until good taste finally established its empire in the age of Louis XIV. The decline of the abbés' powerful dominion did not, however, accompany the fall of the Andrés and Menots: gallantry, talent, wit, powder, and frivolity formed part of their birth-right, till the period of the revolution, and there we lose sight of the men who had for so many years identified themselves with the name of Frenchman; of the old wits who were still the life of society; and of the younger champions of the church, who were also sworn champions of the fair, who dreamed of any thing but that which appertained to their profession, and who, in spite of the warnings of their spiritual superiors, revelled in bright visions,

'Like those angelic youths of old,
Who burn'd for maids of mortal mould,
Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,
And lost their heaven for woman's eyes.'

J. D.—N.

LINES,

ON HEARING A LADY SAY, 'HE HAS SOON FORGOTTEN HER.'

THE bosom to disclose its woe,
Is often times too proud;
And noble minds disdain to show
Their feelings to the crowd.
Thus, hearts that mute in sorrow sleep,
Appear with joy unfurled;
And eyes that oft in secret weep,
Look smiling on the world.

Then do not, lady, judge from what
The voice or looks reveal;
Nor think those passions are forgot
Whose workings we conceal;
For many a breast that seems to beat
All happily and gay,
If opened, would be found the seat
Of anguish and decay. GILBERTUS.

SICKNESS.

THEY may talk as they will of the blessings of health,

But there's more real joy in enduring its stealth;
For a bed of decline is a bed of repose,
And that is a blessing health seldom bestows.
The glow of the cheek, the bright shine of the eye,

The tone of the voice, when the spirits are high,
May prove a light heart is contained in the breast,
But I cannot believe them the emblems of rest.

Oh no! there is something far dearer to me
In the look of the perishing forms that I see,
With their colour departing, and smile in decay,
Than the rosiest hue on the face of the gay.

And when I look round on the many in life
Whom health forces to tread in the pathways of strife,

I envy the beings that sickness restrains
From rising to mix in its troubles and pains.

The day, when the hour of evening comes on;
The sea, when the swell of its waters is gone;
The air, when the breezes have fallen asleep;
The night when no clouds o'er its summer sky creep—

Are things that we love to contemplate, and why?
Can it be for the pleasure they yield to the eye?
No, it is that the soul takes a holier vein
When communing with Nature in stillness and wane.

'Tis so with disease—whilst the frame keepeth strong,
In passion and noise we are hurried along;
But when on a sick bed we quietly lie,
We grow purer in feeling, and fitter to die.

SFORZA.

MR. PRICE'S MANAGEMENT OF DRURY LANE THEATRE.

To the Editor of *The Literary Chronicle*.
SIR,—There has been much discussion respecting the present management of Drury Lane Theatre, and its flourishing condition under the direction of Mr. Price. Now I, for one, am entirely at a loss to conceive what this gentleman has done to deserve the success with which his endeavours appear to have been crowned. Has he produced any effective drama—any pieces, in short, that are likely to continue ornamental to the British stage? Last season he brought out a tragedy, entitled, *Ben Nazir*, which was damned on the first and only night of its performance; and a comedy, called the *Trial of Love*, which experienced a similar fate. This season he produced a tolerably successful comedy, under the title of *Forget and Forgive*, but this was subsequently discovered to be *an old play with a new name*. These sort of productions are not such as *deserve* success, but strange to say Mr. Price has been successful.

Among the pieces exhibited at Drury Lane Theatre this season, under the existing *most excellent management*, was one called *Edward the Black Prince*, chiefly taken from two of our early dramatists, but so maltreated—so tastelessly deformed by Mr. Reynolds that it was damned. Mr. Reynolds is appointed by the manager to read the pieces sent to the theatre, and to decide upon their merits; now is it to be presumed that Mr. Reynolds can or will see beauties in a rival author? at least whatever merit he may discover in the production of another, he will, of course, perceive much more in his own. The result necessarily is that he brings out his own pieces, which are damned—he being fully sensible of their beauties—but *he alone*. Under these circumstances an author can scarcely be an unbiassed and impartial reader; self-interest and the nature of his office condemn the supposition. Has the

American manager been the means of bringing forward any new actor of respectable pretensions? Last season, for the sake of 'filthy lucre,' he insulted, at once, the memory of Shakspeare. Mr. Kean, and the public, by allowing one Smith to make a fool of himself in the part of Othello; and this within a fortnight after the greatest actor of the day had performed the same character in the same theatre. Mr. Kean, junior, certainly made an attempt, but it was a decided, though a lingering failure; and had it not been for the tower of strength which he possessed in the name of his father, public opinion would have decided on his merits in an earlier and more conclusive manner. Mr. Cooper, from the New York Theatre, has also appeared in Macbeth, but this effort only excited the risibility of the audience. What then has Mr. Price achieved?

'Upon what ground doth this adventurer tread,
That he hath grown so great?'

I pause for a reply? GILBERTUS.

FINE ARTS.

'At the Exhibition of the Musée of Charles the Tenth, at Paris,' says the Revue Encyclopédique, 'M. Lawrence, an English artist, has exhibited two portraits, that of the Duchess de Berry and that of the Son of Mr. Lambton. The first of these looks like a caricature. Not that there is not much skill in many parts, but what a bosom! and what arms! they are perfectly laughable. The portrait of Young Lambton is infinitely superior; the head is very fine; the expression, beyond perhaps the age of the model, is well managed; the eyes are full of life, and the colouring in many respects worthy of the pencil of Vandyke. But how sadly every thing else is sacrificed! Place by the side of this portrait that of the Pope by David, that of Madame de Ryan by Girodet, that of Madame Récamier by M. Gérard, and that of General Lasalle by M. Gros, and Mr. Lawrence will soon fall into the background. At least such is our opinion, and we found it upon the fact that in the portraits just cited all the details are treated with the same superiority, while in that of the English artist every thing is sacrificed to a particular effect.'

Monkeyana. Part II. Moon, Boys, and Co.

Who can refrain from laughing at the humorous delineation of Hookey Walker, the first, if not the best, of the four etchings of which this number consists? The man-monkey shows off his finger-wit with dexterous vulgarity, and reminds us of the knowingness and style in which the best representatives of Captain Macheath's gang figure away upon the stage;—there is a quaintness too in its title, Incredulity, which pleases, and enhances our opinion of the author's wit. The second print, Wapping, or the Pas de Deux, does not quite satisfy our expectations; the face of the male performer is certainly too old, but there is a mixed demureness and attention in the female's countenance which imparts more than the pen can with delicacy express. The figures in the back-ground may, perhaps, be an enigma, unless they mean *wapping*.

The third plate, the Crisis, or the Point of Honour, does not please us so well; the groups resemble each other too much, and the indignant second, in the principal pair,

appears to be biting the pistol of the reluctant duellist. This is doubtless imperfectly described, yet we must candidly confess that the deep expression of fearful agony depicted in the face of the last-mentioned figure is enough to redeem any faults we may perceive. The fourth plate, the Sunshine of the Soul showing how Gentlemen can make Beasts of themselves, far exceeds any thing of the kind for spirited delineation that we remember. No gentlemen were ever more eminently drunk than Mr Landseer's men in miniature—gait, action, and habiliments, are all *gloriously* indicative of having left no heel-taps of the potion 'that turns the brain and stupifies the mind.'

The Pug-ilists. Engraved by CHARLES TURNER, after a Painting by BRISTOW. Colnaghi and Co.

WE have a lively recollection of the admirable picture from which this print is engraved. It was exhibited, we think, last year, at the Somerset House Exhibition, where it attracted much and deserved attention. The subject is the termination of a 'set-to' among sundry of the monkey tribe. The conquered is lying with a most woeful countenance surrounded by his friends, who are anxiously but vainly endeavouring to bring the chop-fallen combatant 'to the scratch.' His triumphant antagonist is managed with astonishing skill. He is sitting on the knee of a second, sucking an orange, his hands resting on his knees, and with an expression of countenance most irresistibly comic and natural. Of the engraving, to say that it proceeds from the masterly hand of Turner, is to convince our readers that he has done full justice to the artist. Turner has no rival in mezzotint, and this is not one of his least successful efforts.

The Passes of the Alps. No. 5. The Pass of the Great St. Bernard. By WILLIAM BROCKEDON, Esq.

WE have spoken so highly of the former numbers of this splendid work, that we can add but little, in speaking of the continuation, which is equally excellent, if not superior, to what we have already had the pleasure of noticing. The plates are all admirable, reflecting the highest credit on the several artists. We are, however, more particularly delighted with the View of the Lake of the Great St. Bernard, engraved by Jeavons, the cold, chilling effect of which is truly magical. As a contrast, we have the Valley of the Rhone and the City and Valley of Aosta from the unrivalled graver of E. Finden—glowing in all the beauties of cloudless skies and sunlit fields.

NEW MUSIC.

Adeste Fidelis: the favourite Portuguese Hymn, arranged for one, two, three, and four Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Organ. By VINCENT NOVELLO. The Author, and the principal Music Sellers.

NOTHING ever passes through the hands of Mr. Novello, without being improved by the influence of his exalted talents. The hymn before us is a specimen of his skill in imparting fresh beauty to the beautiful. The whole of the arrangement is combined with that refined taste which pervades the performance and compositions of Mr. N. The quartett is particularly excellent; indeed, we do not

recollect any thing that displays more elegant, more rich, or more varied progression. The author merits our thanks for rendering it more available to general performers, than in his splendid collection of sacred music. It is to be wished, that more of his works were published separately.

I have sent back every Token. Words by T. H. BAYLEY, Esq. Arranged by H. R. BISHOP. Goulding and Co.

THIS is really a very pretty little song. Mr. B. has wedded the beautiful air *Pria Che l'impegno*, in a very graceful manner, to Mr. Bayley's elegant lines. What alterations were inevitable are made with much taste, and the symphonies and accompaniments display Mr. Bishop's usual skill.

Content; a Duet. Written and composed by M. VIRTUE. Goulding and Co.

WE are not quite so contented with this production, as some that we have had occasion to notice of the above author. We are great admirers of Mr. V.'s easy unpretending simplicity of style; but think that in the present instance he has not been so happy as usual; it is, nevertheless, a very pleasing little duet, which we feel pleasure in recommending.

THE DRAMA.

DRAMATIC REGISTER—King's Theatre, Feb. 16. La Rosa Bianca et Rosa Rossa, and Hassan et le Califfe.—18. La Rosa and Phyllis et Melibée.

Drury Lane, Feb. 15. The Lancers, Artaxerxes, and Der Freischütz.—16. The Critic, The Haunted Inn, and Harlequin Cock Robin.—18. William Tell and Juan's Early Days.—19. The Critic, Killing No Murder, Juan's Early Days.—20. Ash Wednesday. No performance.—21. Love, Law, and Physic, the Haunted Inn, and Juan's Early Days.

Covent Garden, Feb. 15. The Merchant's Wedding and the £100 Note.—16. The Seraglio, Animal Magnetism, and the Irish Tutor.—18. The Merchant of Venice and Giovanni in London.—19. The Merchant's Wedding and Somnambulism, or the Phantom of the Village.—20. No performance.—21. The Iron Chest and Somnambulism.

KING'S THEATRE—Another new opera, by S. Mayer, was produced at this theatre, for the first time in this country, on Saturday evening, entitled *La Rosa Bianca e la Rosa Rossa* (*The White Rose and the Red*.) This is the second opera that has been composed on portions of the history of England, and we are inclined to think that *La Rosa Bianca e la Rosa Rossa* will become a greater favourite than *Margherita d'Anjou*; especially when Madame Caradori is able to do full justice to her part. On Saturday, she was severely indisposed, and, notwithstanding the great exertions which she made, was unable to go through all her scenes. The opera is founded upon part of the history of the feuds between the houses of York and Lancaster. The scene is laid in the north of England, and at that particular period when Richard, Duke of York, and his partisans, had defeated and driven into exile the followers of the house of Lancaster. Henry, Earl of Derby, (Madame Pasta) an adherent of the latter party, and Clotilde, (Madame Caradori) daughter to Lord Mortimer, (Signor Porto) a supporter of the former, had been for some time attached to each other; but, after the banish-

ment of Henry, his former friend and follower, Vanoldo, Earl of Seymour, (Signor Curioni) received the king's orders to unite his house with that of Mortimer, by marrying Clotilde, and accordingly became Henry's rival. His suit was long resisted by Clotilde, but at length wearied with his perseverance, and persuaded by her father, she had nearly yielded; when the return of Henry soon turned the scale of affection again in his favour, and astonished the besieging party. Upon his discovery, he is imprisoned; but Vanoldo visits him, assists him to escape in disguise, and remains in his place: and in the mean time, Clotilde obtains his pardon from the king, and the opera concludes with their marriage. Signor Curioni, as Vanoldo, played well, and Madame Pasta, as Enrico, delightfully; but we do not think the airs in the character of Rodolpho well adapted to the voice of Signor Porto.—The music is good, but cannot increase our high opinion of Mayer.

Various rumours have been afloat during the present week respecting the arrival of the celebrated Mademoiselle Sontag. It has been said that she is actually engaged at this theatre, and is shortly to perform with Madame Pasta in the grand opera of Semiramis. It was afterwards reported that she has refused to come to London upon lower terms than those given to Madame Pasta, which, supposing her to play every night in the season, amount to £100. for each performance. Whatever the fact may be, her stay in England can be but short, for it is confidently asserted that she is engaged by the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt to sing in the opera during nine months in the year, at a salary of 1500 guilders per annum, with the addition of a carriage, a splendid residence, including a *cuisine* in the best taste, and a regular establishment of servants. The Grand Duke himself generally leads the band in his own theatre. The remaining three months in the year, Mademoiselle Sontag will be at liberty to engage at any other theatre.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—This theatre commenced the week with a new after-piece 'founded on the first six cantos of Don Juan,' called, *Juan's Early Days*. It was a bold attempt on the part of Mr. Milner (to whom the authorship of this piece is ascribed) when he resolved to bring the amorous Don again before an audience, who have been already satiated with his vagaries 'in London' and 'in the Country,' where indeed he frequently was to be seen 'on horseback.' To enumerate the different dramatic versions of the adventures of this incorrigible libertine, would far exceed the limits prescribed to this department of our work; it will be sufficient to remark, that he was first introduced on the stage as the hero of a comedy, called *The Joker of Seville and the Guest of Stone*, by Gabriel Tellez, of Madrid, about the year 1630. Moliere next introduced him to the French stage in the year 1665, in a comedy, entitled, *Le Festin de Pierre*. This piece, with the addition of two scenes by T. Corneille, who put the whole into verse, has been performed in France ever since. Shadwell introduced the subject into this country in 1676, in his tragedy of *The Libertine*. The celebrated melo-dramatic pantomime of *Don Juan, or the Libertine Destroyed*, produced by Palmer at the Royalty, in 1787, was founded upon Shadwell's tragedy. The sub-

sequent versions are too well known to our dramatic readers. Lord Byron's poem has now become the foundation of an extravaganza. The piece is extremely amusing, and avoids all that could be considered indecorous, barring the display of Miss Love's legs in a pleasing variety of costumes. The author has shown ingenuity in connecting the events. The various scenes of *Juan's Early Days* begin in Spain and end in Turkey, so that the adapter of the story has left out every thing connected with this country; in so doing he acted prudently. Miss Love, as the hero, played with considerable spirit, and looked remarkably well in her male attire. Mr. Harley introduced a mock-Italian song, which was highly relished and loudly applauded. Mrs. Orger, as Antonia, received an encore in a song which she sang remarkably well on the departure of Don Juan for Spain. The scenery is very beautiful, and, in our opinion, contributed not a little to the success of the piece, which was received with great applause from a very crowded house.

On Thursday night, *Love, Law, and Physic* was revived, for the purpose of introducing Mathews and Liston in their original characters of Flexible and Lubin Log.

ORATORIOS.—Last night the regular performance of Oratorios for the season commenced at Covent Garden Theatre under the superintendence of Mr. Bishop. Madam Pasta, Miss Paton, Miss Love, and Mr. Braham were the principal performers.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—This theatre, following the example of its neighbour, produced a new piece on Tuesday evening, from the prolific pen of Mr. Moncrieff, called *The Somnambulist, or the Phantom of the Village*. The scene is laid in France. There is certainly no striking novelty in the plot, though the performance is sufficiently interesting. The piece commences with the legal preparations for the marriage of two villagers, Ernestine Dormeuil (Miss Kelly) an orphan brought up under the care of Dame Michaud, and Edmund Beauchamp (Mr. Diddear), which is to be solemnized on the morrow, much to the dissatisfaction of Madame Gertrude (Miss Goward) the landlady of the True Lover's Knot, who has herself conceived a passion for Edmund. At this moment M. de Rosambert (Wrench) a military officer and lord of the manor, arrives, incognito, with his servant Oliver, and take up their temporary abode in Madame Gertrude's inn. Oliver, in a drunken fit, discovers to the villagers the rank of his master. De Rosambert is introduced to a pavilion, adjoining the inn, as his sleeping apartment, where he is surprised by the sudden appearance of Ernestine at the casement, who enters walking in her sleep. With laudable consideration for her character, De Rosambert almost immediately quits the pavilion. After a scene of exquisite acting, Ernestine, still asleep, reclines upon a couch. Her lover Edmund, Madame Gertrude, and Dame Michaud, having determined to lose no time in paying their respects to their new landlord, enter the pavilion for that purpose, where they are surprised to find Ernestine sleeping. Edmund starts with horror at this circumstance—instantly rouses Ernestine, accuses her with falsehood to her faith, and, in a paroxysm of rage at her supposed perfidy, denounces her with a dreadful curse. She, in vain, endeavours to convince him of her innocence and

truth; he refuses to listen to her protestations. Even a subsequent explanation given by De Rosambert fails to persuade him that he has not been deceived, and, to avenge his supposed wrongs, he determines upon marrying Madame Gertrude, and is just about to make good his promise to her, when poor Ernestine, in a second fit of somnambulism, appears at the attic window of Dame Michaud's house. She steps out of the window and walks fearlessly along the parapet—all is breathless anxiety for her safety. She, at length, descends without injury. Edmund, convinced of her innocence, implores forgiveness, which is, of course, granted, and thus the piece concludes happily. The performance was received throughout with the greatest applause.

Miss Kelly, as the somnambulist, acted with that exquisite taste and feeling for which she is so celebrated. Her character in this piece is a counterpart of her Cecelia Dormer in '*Love's Dream*', produced at the English Opera House in 1821. Such of our readers who have witnessed her performance of that character, will have a just idea of her brilliant acting last night. It was indeed perfection itself, and the audience expressed their gratification by the most rapturous applause. That very interesting and clever actress Miss Goward sustained the part of Madame Gertrude with great ability and success. Keeley, as Colin de Trop, an officious, sympathising, and amorous little villager, kept the audience in continual roars of laughter at his amusing impertinence. We must not omit to notice the dance in the first act, in which they contrived to introduce the game of 'blind man's buff' in a very amusing and effective manner. The piece was announced for repetition, by Wrench, amidst the loudest applause.

VARIETIES.

MR. BARTLEY'S LECTURE.—We regret to find that this gentleman does not resume his annual Astronomical Lecture this year. It was advertized as usual, but unforeseen difficulties intervened, which, unfortunately, rendered it necessary to withdraw the announcement.

A new musical afterpiece, to be called, *The Invincibles*, from the pen of Mr. Morton, is in rehearsal at Covent Garden Theatre. Madame Vestris performs the heroine.

Delpini.—This celebrated clown died on Wednesday week last, at his lodgings in Lancaster Court, Strand. He was the author of several dramatic works, and many years ago stage-manager of the Opera-house. He died in the greatest distress, and has left his widow completely destitute. Delpini had a very strong and singular notion, that the number "eight" would be connected with the period of his death, which was singularly enough realized, for he died in the year 1828, at the age of 88. He was born in the parish of St. Martin at Rome, and drew his last breath in the parish of St. Martin in London.

Mrs. Siddons.—We understand that an offer has been made to Mrs. Siddons and to Charles Kemble, of £10,000 sterling, (nearly 45,000 dollars,) to come out for one year to this country, beginning their performances at Charleston and ending at Boston. Mrs. Siddons has retired from the stage, but such an offer may induce her to grace it once more.

Although sixty years of age, she is in excellent health. We hope that the offer will be accepted, and that this magnificent woman, of whom we have read and heard so much, will shed the parting light of her glory on the American stage.—*New Y. Courier*, Jan. 22.

The Rev. W. M. Mayers, of Catherine Hall, Cambridge, to whom the Hulsean prize for his essay on the Divinity of Christ was adjudged last year, has been successful in obtaining the Norrisian also. The subject of the latter is, "On the Advantages of the Revelation of a Future Judgment," &c. It will be interesting to our readers to learn, especially when the subjects of these essays are considered in connection with it, that this young gentleman is of Jewish parentage, and has not been a convert to the Christian religion more than four years.

We regret to say that Mr. Terry, joint-manager and proprietor of the Adelphi Theatre, who has for some time been performing at the English Theatre in Paris, with great success, has been suddenly taken ill, and Mrs. Terry has taken her departure for the French capital, to attend on her husband.

Tombs in Egypt.—In the Necropolis of Thebes, where the most remarkable tombs of every description are found, the catacombs are of an amazing extent. The length of some is so great, that the galleries of which they are formed would contain in each vault from two to three thousand bodies, with sufficient space to walk about. Their entrances are usually in the sides of mountains, and their elevation on a level with the horizon. The numerous tombs of this description to be seen at Thebes, have been formerly entered and pillaged.

Mazurier.—This well-known posture master died in Paris, on the 4th of this month, after a long and painful illness. He was buried in the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, on the following day. M. Frederic, an actor of the Porte St. Martin, pronounced an extempore oration over the grave. Mazurier was hardly thirty years of age, and has left a widow unprovided for. His death has left his English prototypes, the Parsloes, without a rival.

Mr. Morgan's Concert.—We were most agreeably surprised on Wednesday last, when, after a toilsome day, we had resigned ourselves to the power of that demon *emui* who stalked through the town conscious of the sway he held over the worthy citizens, and glorying in the silence entailed by all-rigorous Lent on his great enemies the Theatres. We say we were agreeably surprised on perceiving in a music vender's emporium the announcement of a concert to be given on that evening for the benefit of Mr. Morgan, at the Crown and Anchor. As we very naturally supposed that this Mr. Morgan must be the gentleman whose talent for Irish singing is highly estimated by the *cognoscenti*, and who produced such an effect on his hearers at a recent meeting of the Melodists, we had no hesitation in purchasing a ticket, and we are gratified in being enabled to state that we do not recollect ever having passed a more delightful evening. The bill of fare promised much, and, what is very unusual on such occasions, 'the word of promise' was not given to the ear alone. Where all did their duty, as despatches sometimes say, it would be invidious to mention names; Mr. Morgan was

ably supported by his professional friends, and the arrangements reflected much credit on the conductor, Mr. C. Benedict, the gentleman who accompanied Mr. Mathews on his recent professional tour. We are not personally acquainted with Mr. Morgan, and consequently cannot be accused of speaking of his efforts with interested motives, friendly or otherwise; but we will say that he must become a favourite with the public in general, as he already is with the profession in particular. The ease and rapidity with which he went through Hudson's song of 'Don't say Nay,' was truly astonishing. We suppose that patronage is the pivot upon which all affairs revolve, theatrical as well as political; if such be not the fact we advise Mr. Price to look about him, his theatre is sadly in want of an Irishman; he would do the town a favour which it would not be tardy in acknowledging, and we should hail, with pleasure, the appearance of this gentleman on a more enlarged stage, where he might exclaim, "Aye, marry! here my soul hath elbow room." We rest satisfied, however, that merit must ultimately make its way, and we congratulate Mr. Morgan on the numerous audience attracted by his talents, and the manner in which every thing was conducted with (to use the words of an excellent song) *The Swiftest Pwopwety*.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.		State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Taken at 1 o'clock Noon.		
Feb. 15	35	35	32	29.69		Cloudy.
..... 16	32	37	33	.. 86		Cloudy.
..... 17	35	39	33	.. 70		Fair.
..... 18	35	37	37	.. 40		Cloudy.
..... 19	38	42	38	.. 37		Fair.
..... 20	39	46	43	.. 25		Fair.
..... 21	44	48	42	28.99		Cloudy.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

INVESTIGATOR is referred to the leading article in our last, and to No. 426, and several subsequent numbers, for our opinion of the work he mentions. We entertain no desire to undervalue the great and versatile genius of Sir Walter Scott, nor have ever been backward in awarding it our tribute of gratitude and praise; but it is not in the power of high station of any kind, acknowledged genius, or the fascination of a lofty name, to seduce us from the straight-forward path of criticism which we have chosen, and to which it is equally our duty and our determination to adhere. In the review to which we have directed the attention of our correspondent, we stated clearly the grounds of our dissent from many of Sir Walter's opinions, and adduced *proofs* of the incorrectness of several of his statements. Nothing advanced by THE LITERARY CHRONICLE on that occasion, has been or can be controverted.

We are greatly obliged by the continued favours of R. M.

Emmeline is intended for insertion. Her communication was accidentally mislaid.

Algernon will receive due consideration.

The supposition of **, respecting our admired contributor, Sforza, is correct; but the circumstance by no means lessens our opinion of the manifest beauty and originality of his productions. Many of our most respectable contemporaries do him and us the honour of quotation, and, generally, in a manner creditable to all parties. We cannot omit this opportunity of expressing our regret that The Cambridge Chronicle of the 15th inst., which faithfully acknowledged whence it had taken 'The Convent's Victim,' did not also append the signature by which the poet distinguishes his contributions.

The papers of C. W. are received.

H. C—r's poetical talents do not appear sufficiently matured; but we shall be willing to examine any future effort.

We are obliged by the communication of the author of Field Flowers. His poem will be inserted in our next. He has increased our materials for a further notice of the lamented Henry Neele.

The Monthly Part of THE LITERARY CHRONICLE for February, will be ready on Monday.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED: Private Memoirs of Sir Kenelm Digby, 8vo. 14s.—Grant's Thoughts on the Gael, 12s.—Soames's History of the Reformation, vol. 4th, 8vo. 18s.—Wilson's Select Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindus, 3 vols. £1. 10s.—Sketches of Mexico, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Parkes's History of the Court of Chancery, 8vo. 15s.—Canning's Speeches, 6 vols. 8vo. £3. 12s.—Darvill on English Race Horses, 8vo. 21s.—Gude's Crown Practice, 2 vols. royal 8vo. £2. 10s.—Von Valentine's Military Reflections on Turkey, 6s.—Lady's Monitor, 12mo. 6s.—The Works of the English and Scottish Reformers, by the Rev. T. Russell, 10s. 6d.—Hyatt's Sermons on various Subjects, second edition, 10s. 6d.

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No. II. will be published in March, and the succeeding Numbers every three Months.

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'A general reproach against quarterly reviews is, that they notice but a very small number of books; this fault, which is in some degree excusable in the Edinburgh and the Quarterly Reviews, since they have such powerful auxiliaries in monthly and weekly publications, would be a serious defect in a work which is intended to make us acquainted with foreign literature. The editor of the Foreign Review has been fully aware of this, and the principal difference between his work and the Foreign Quarterly is, that in the former we find after a succession of long reviews by skilful writers, short notices of books, in addition to a list of the most important works printed on the Continent. This is certainly an improvement, which must obtain for the work before us a preference over its rival. From the superior style in which it is written, it must necessarily reckon among its contributors some of the first English and foreign literati of the day.'—Literary Chronicle.

'The sixth article is a most able analysis of the second edition of Professor Niebuhr's History of Rome. This history, as is well known, has drawn the attention of all scholars in Europe. The eighth is a most curious and highly interesting article, on Swiss Rural Economy—written evidently by a gentleman who is well acquainted with the country, and is, moreover, complete master of his subject. The work deserves to succeed, and we are confident that the hopes and wishes of the publishers will be amply fulfilled.'—Courier.

'On looking over this number, we scruple not to pronounce it far superior to its rival; the opening article, by Dr. Southey, on the History of Burgundy, is curious and interesting; that on the German Drama, by Mr. Carlyle, and on the Peninsular War, by the Rev. Mr. Gieig, are each admirable. On the whole, this commencement is prosperous, and if the market cannot hold two foreign reviews, we think that the periodical of Soho Square is doomed to a short existence.'—Watchman.

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